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# THE LIBRARY.

## THE IMPROVERS OF SHAKESPEARE.<sup>1</sup>

 N our third paper we tried to establish bibliographically what was the normal history of the text of Elizabethan plays from the time the playwright handed his manuscript to the players; we then enquired what special evidence we had in the case of Shakespeare's plays, and finally applied the theories we constructed to the history of his text down to the publication of the Folio of 1623. We shall devote the first part of this our last paper to three deductions of some importance arising out of this survey.

I. The first of these is that, from our bibliographical standpoint, the readings of any edition of a play of Shakespeare's subsequent to the First duly registered Quarto cannot have any shred of authority, unless a reasonably probable case can be made out for access having been obtained to a new manuscript, or its equivalent. And to construct such a case

<sup>1</sup> A lecture delivered at Cambridge as Sandars Reader, November, 1915.

all the variants in the edition must be brought together and considered as a whole.

Editors of Shakespeare, even the best editors of Shakespeare, have been too ready to accept or reject variants on what they would call ‘their individual merits’; and they have yielded, consciously or unconsciously, to the illusion that if a first edition printed (say) in 1597 is a good authority, a second edition printed within a year or two is also an authority, though perhaps not quite of equal weight. A printed text cannot be invested with authority merely by an early date on its title-page. The authority can only come to it by derivation from the original manuscript, and if this derivation is simply and solely through a previous printed edition, then a reading in the second edition can have no authority whatever as against a reading in the first. It may be right, as any conjectural emendation may be right; but it must be judged as a conjectural emendation, and on precisely the same footing as if it had been made a week ago.

The point is so obvious that it seems superfluous to labour it, but with the honourable exception of Malone, it has been almost uniformly neglected by Shakespeare’s editors.

Theobald arranged his list of the editions known to him under the three headings:

Editions of Authority,  
Editions of Middle Authority,  
Editions of no Authority.

He did this, doubtless, for the pleasure of making his third class, the editions of no authority, consist

of those of Rowe and Pope. His second class contained the Third Folio and the Quartos printed between 1623 and the Restoration. But how did these later quartos acquire the Middle Authority which he ascribes to them? In so far as they were accurate reprints of the First registered Quarto, if every copy of that had been destroyed they might have taken its place. But as long as that remains they are purely negligible. And this applies with almost equal completeness to most of the editions included in Theobald's highest class, as Editions of Authority. These comprise all the Quartos, of which he knew, printed before 1623, and the First and Second Folios. It would be perhaps too much to say that a Quarto of 1615 is no better than a Quarto of 1655, because the latter will certainly have accumulated some more errors, and the Quarto of 1615, moreover, may be of considerable interest in determining for a given play the value of the First Folio. But as against a reading in a First Quarto, the authority which a variant derives from having been printed within one year, ten years, or forty years of it, is in every case the same, because in every case it is *nil*.

Just as, so long as a copy of the first edition of a good Quarto exists, all the later quarto editions have no value for the construction of a text; so, as long as a copy of the First Folio remains, the three later Folios have no textual importance. In criticizing Theobald's table of editions, Dr. Johnson expressed this with his usual sturdy common sense:

In his enumeration of editions (he writes of Theobald) he mentions the two first folios as of high, and the third

folio as of middle authority ; but the truth is that the first is equivalent to all [the] others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those diversities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

The importance of the later Quartos printed before 1623, and of the three later Folios, is purely genealogical. Had none of the later Quartos been preserved, we should have been obliged to debit to the First Folio as original errors, all the bad readings which it took over from the later Quartos. On the one hand, the credit of the Folio would have been unjustly depreciated ; on the other hand, various easy readings introduced by the later Quartos would have been invested with whatever authority the Folio text for the play in which they occur may possess. But when once the errors borrowed from the later Quartos have been eliminated, only the First Quartos and the First Folios have any textual value.

The genealogical importance of the later Folios is of much the same kind. It arises from the fact that the Fourth Folio being the easiest and cheapest to buy and also the most modern in its spelling was the copy which Rowe sent to the printer, after he had tinkered it at his pleasure. Pope used Rowe's text as his 'copy' to print from ; Theobald used Pope's, and so on. It may be doubted whether any edition of Shakespeare's works (with the possible exception of Capell's) has ever been wholly printed from manuscript. That of 1623 was

printed partly from manuscript, partly from the printed quartos. Probably every subsequent edition has been set up from some earlier printed text, some of the misprints in which will almost certainly be carried over into the new edition despite editorial care. Many of the readings of the Fourth Folio were thus inadvertently adopted by Rowe, and the Fourth Folio and its two immediate predecessors are thus necessary to a right understanding of the eighteenth century texts. But it must be said again and again that as authorities for ascertaining what Shakespeare himself actually wrote, no editions can have any shred, jot or tittle of value except the First Quartos,<sup>1</sup> and the First Folio.

While it is true that the eighteenth century editors who started the editorial tradition as to Shakespeare's text had not all the bibliographical data before them, nor even a complete set of the First Quartos, their tendency to treat all the later Quartos and later Folios as in some degree authoritative was due much less to ignorance than to their desire to improve their text. It is a little lamentable that no where can we find this standpoint more clearly stated than in the words of Edward Capell, to whom Shakesperian criticism is so heavily indebted.

Listen to what he writes in the Introduction to his audaciously entitled edition of 'Mr. William

<sup>1</sup> Of course where there are two texts as in 'Romeo and Juliet,' the First Quarto of each counts for whatever it may be worth. So also as regards the deposition scene the 1608 edition of 'Richard II' counts as a First Quarto.

Shakespeare his Comedies Histories and Tragedies, set out by himself [!] in quarto, or by the Players his Fellows in folio, and now faithfully republish'd from those Editions, in ten Volumes octavo':

It is said a little before,—that we have nothing of his in writing; that the printed copies are all that is left to guide us; and that those copies are subject to numberless imperfections, but not all in like degree: our first business then, was—to examine their merit, and see on which side the scale of goodness preponderated, which we have generally found, to be on that of the most ancient: It may be seen in the Table, what Editions are judg'd to have the preference among those plays that were printed singly in quarto; and for those plays, the text of those Editions is chiefly adher'd to: in all the rest, the first folio is follow'd; the text of which is by far the most faultless of the Editions in that form; and has also the advantage in three quarto plays, in 2 Henry IV., Othello and Richard III.

Up to this point nothing could be more sound, and the service which Capell was rendering, in so far as he based his text on the earliest editions instead of trusting to collation to eliminate the faults of the later ones, was very great. Unhappily he proceeds:

Had the editions thus follow'd been printed with carefulness, from correct copies, and copies not added to or otherwise alter'd after those impressions, there had been no occasion for going any further: but this was not at all the case, even in the best of them; and it therefore became proper and necessary to look into the other old editions, and to select from thence whatever improves the Author, or contributes to his advancement in perfectness, the point in view throughout all this performance: that they do improve him was with the editor an argument in their

favour; and a presumption of genuineness for what is thus selected, whether additions or differences of any other nature; and the causes of their appearing in some copies and being wanting in others, cannot now be discover'd, by reason of the time's distance, and defect of fit materials for making the discovery.

As if to put his method of procedure beyond any possibility of doubt, he concludes:

. . . Without entering further in this place into the reasonableness or even necessity of so doing, he does for the present acknowledge,—that he has everywhere made use of such materials as he met with in other old copies, which he thought improv'd the editions that are made the ground-work of the present text (pp. 21-22).

Capell's present critic has a personal reason for being moderate in his strictures, because (nearly thirty years ago) moved by a laudable desire to win more readers for Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' without entering on the slippery paths of modernizing, he laboriously picked out from the seven texts published by the Chaucer Society the spellings easiest to a modern reader in every line, and thus produced an edition for the spelling of every word of which there was early manuscript authority, but which certainly did not present the words as Chaucer wrote them. Had Capell, in order to popularize Shakespeare, without committing himself to wholesale tinkering, announced that he had accepted the emendations or improvements proposed by Shakespeare's contemporaries, and those only, it might still have been questioned whether what he did was worth doing, but he would not

have introduced any fundamental confusion into editorial ideals. As it was, he did introduce, or at least help to perpetuate, confusion, by asserting his right to correct original editions by others that were merely old, and by the specious suggestion that the fact of a new reading being (in editorial eyes) an 'improvement' carried with it a 'presumption of genuineness.' As bibliographers we must protest that it is not mere age, but proof of independent access to a source, that gives an edition authority, while with any other aim than that of ascertaining what was on the sheets of paper which Shakespeare wrote and handed to the players we can have nothing to do, unless we find evidence of his personal revision of this original text. That is our first point, and it brings us into collision with almost every editor of Shakespeare, even (although to an exceptionally slight extent) with the honoured editors of the Cambridge text.

II. The second deduction we have to draw is that, although it is probable that the first authorized printers of any play by Shakespeare had but scant respect for such spelling, punctuation and system of emphasis capitals as they found in their copy, yet as it requires less mental effort to follow copy mechanically than consciously to vary from it, we are bound to believe that in these matters, as well as in the words of the text, the first authorized edition of any play is likely to be nearer than any other to what the author wrote.

In regard to these matters we cannot, as we should like to do, claim that we still have Dr. Johnson on our side. 'In restoring the author's

works to their integrity,' wrote the Doctor, 'I have considered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and sentences [?].' The argument which underlies this charmingly alliterative sentence, which, however, with curious ill luck ends with a full stop instead of a mark of interrogation—the argument is perfectly sound. It is highly probable that such punctuation as Shakespeare bestowed on his manuscript is less, perhaps much less, faithfully reproduced, than his words. But what proportion of Shakespeare's words have we any reason to believe were corrupted by his first printers? Even on a pessimistic view certainly not one in a hundred. If his punctuation, therefore, were ten times as carelessly reproduced as his words, nine out of ten of the stops in a first authorized Quarto would be as Shakespeare wrote them. As against Dr. Johnson this seems a very fair argument, though no doubt he would have 'downed' it more or less successfully. As a matter of fact, we have to take into consideration quite another probability, the probability that Shakespeare, unless it definitely occurred to him that he would like to have a speech delivered in a particular way, was himself much too rapid a writer to be at all careful about his stops. If this is so, his first printers, instead of simply following his punctuation faithfully, must often have been called upon to supply the lack of it as best they could; so that all numerical estimates of their fidelity must go by the board.

If, however, we ask whether there is any reason

to believe (*a*) that it did sometimes occur to Shakespeare that he would like to have a speech delivered in a particular way, (*b*) that he could and did indicate this by punctuation, and (*c*) that this punctuation, at least in some cases, is quite faithfully reproduced, the answers we can offer to these questions do not encourage us to acquiesce at all cheerfully in Johnson's assumption that the punctuation of the plays was 'wholly in [his] power.' By Johnson's day the punctuation which we find in Elizabethan books, more especially in plays, may be correctly described as a lost art. Dr. Johnson might do what he pleased with colons and commas. He could make them help to show how a sentence of Shakespeare's should be parsed; but he could not make them show how it would be delivered by a great actor—because that might have interfered with the parsing. Now, in his little book on Shakespearian Punctuation, though his method of exposition may not in all respects win acceptance, Mr. Percy Simpson has abundantly proved that what could not be done in Johnson's days could be done in Shakespeare's. Everyone interested not only in the Elizabethan drama, but in all the outburst of poetry from Tottell's Miscellany to Herrick, should buy and study Mr. Simpson's book, which is published by the Clarendon Press for five shillings. It is only right to say, however, that he had been preceded in this field by Mr. A. E. Thiselton, who, in a succession of separately printed notes to various plays of Shakespeare, had paid special attention to their punctuation and already discovered a method in what commentators have

accounted the madness of that found in the early editions. Both Mr. Simpson (to whom I owe my own conversion) and Mr. Thiselton have presented their results mainly in terms of grammar and syntax. My own way of restating the facts as I understand them, is that in Shakespeare's day, at any rate in poetry and the drama, all the four stops, comma, semicolon, colon, and full stop, could be, and (on occasion) were, used simply and solely to denote pauses of different length irrespective of grammar and syntax. On the other hand the normal punctuation was much nearer to normal speech than is the case with our own, which balances one comma by another with a logic intolerable in talk. Thus the punctuation we find in the plays omits many stops which modern editors insert, and on the other hand insert others, sometimes to mark the rhythm, sometimes to emphasize by a preliminary pause the word, or words which follow, sometimes for yet other reasons which can hardly be enumerated. The only rule for dealing with these supra-grammatical stops, is to read the passage as punctuated, and then consider how it is affected by the pause at the point indicated. In the same way, if there is no stop where we expect one, or only a comma where we should expect a colon or even a full stop, we must try how the passage sounds with only light stops or none at all, and see what is the gain or loss to the dramatic impression.

As has already been admitted, the punctuation of most of the early Quartos, even when the system on which it is based is very liberally interpreted

at the risk of turning faults into sham beauties, is inadequate and defective. But two points seem to emerge from the study of almost any early Quarto we take up. In the first place it seems clear that the value of all the stops was greater than at present. The comma is often used where we should put a semicolon ; the semicolon for a colon ; the colon for a full stop ; while a full stop is a very emphatic stop indeed. If an Elizabethan printer had been given a typical passage of Macaulay to punctuate, he would have replaced many of his famous full stops by colons and some by commas. In such a case, where each sentence was grammatically complete in itself, but all were directed to building up by accumulation a single effect, an Elizabethan would have regarded all the sentences as co-ordinate parts of a whole and would have refused (unless rhetoric suggested an advantage in seeming to pause between each for a reply) to separate them by any stop heavier than a colon. Moreover, if it were desired to indicate by punctuation the rapidity of invective or earnest pleading, commas would have been made to do the work. A full stop, except when a speech is completely finished, always means business—very often theatrical business : at the least a change of tone or of the person addressed ; occasionally, a sob or a caress.

Our second point is that even when we make ample allowance for the greater value of each of the four stops, and for his own carelessness and that of the printers, there is good evidence that Shakespeare preferred a light to a heavy punctuation.

‘ Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc’d

it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as li[e]ve the towne cryer spoke my lines.' So Hamlet exhorted the players who were to test his uncle's guilt, and so (the punctuation of the early Quartos suggests) he may often have exhorted the actors at the Globe. In the 1604 Quarto of 'Hamlet' the thirty-three lines of the speech that begins 'To be or not to be,' are punctuated with commas, two semicolons and a colon. The full stop only comes before the words: 'Soft you now The faire Ophelia.'

In Portia's famous speech in the 'Merchant of Venice' there is a full stop after the plea that mercy

becomes

The thronèd Monarch better then his crowne

so that the idea may work its full effect before being followed by the gloss: 'His scepter shewes the force of temporall power,' etc. But after this, for thirteen lines there is no other full stop until the appeal is ended, and with a change of tone the pleader resumes:

I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,  
Which if thou follow this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence against the Merchant here.

These particular punctuations are not held up for special admiration. It is in no way the business of bibliography to decide how Shakespeare's play should be punctuated. But when we find this

notably light punctuation in editions of several different plays, set up by several different printers, it seems a fair bibliographical deduction that this light punctuation, though the printers may have corrupted it grossly, yet reflects a light punctuation in their copy, and so, immediately or by one or more removes, suggests what was Shakespeare's own habit.

We can make a similar deduction as regards the use of emphasis capitals, which may be taken to have indicated a slight exaltation in the tone in which the words they prefix were to be pronounced. In the early Quartos we find them used for titles of honour and respect, for abstract qualities and in metaphors; elsewhere only sparingly, and hardly ever in such a way as to encourage an actor to tear a passion to tatters. Thus in a speech which lies so exposed to over-emphasis as that of the Ghost in 'Hamlet' beginning: 'Aye, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,' in the Quarto of 1604 there are only ten capitals, and these with two exceptions (*Hebona* and *Lazerlike*), merely follow the ordinary rules. Thus we find capitals assigned to Queen (twice), Crown, Uncle, Angel, Glowworm, Orchard and Denmark, and these are all, though the speech runs to just fifty lines. In the First Folio, on the other hand, there are just fifty emphasis-capitals, or on an average one to every line, among the words emphasised being Beast, Traitorous, Lust, Lewdness, Garbage, etc., so that if an actor, when thus encouraged, resisted the temptation to mouth-ing, his grace was the greater. 'In the very torrent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of

your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it *smoothness*,' Hamlet tells the players, and bibliography may be permitted once more to quote this corroboration of its deduction that Shakespeare's manuscript was only moderately sprinkled with capitals.

III. The comparison that has just been made between the practice of the Quarto and Folio text of 'Hamlet' in this matter of emphasis-capitals brings us to the last point it is desired to make in these papers, the point that the First Folio must be regarded as an *edited* text, perhaps to about the same extent and in very much the same manner as the Ellesmere manuscript of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales' deserves that character. The Ellesmere scribe had ideas of his own on spelling and other matters, and a tendency if he did not find a verse smooth to leave it so. We have seen how ready someone was to smooth out lines in the First Folio. Probably he was doing the best thing for the book and its author that at that particular moment it was possible to do. Nor is it reasonable to be scornful if actors, who were responsible for bringing together the copy, took it for granted that the acting-versions then in use were the best possible, tolerated small verbal changes in the text, and thought it good if emphasis-capitals and punctuation were in accordance with the dramatic customs of their own day, rather than imperfect memoranda of Shakespeare's views.

How far the editing extended is a question of detail, from which the bibliographer must needs hold aloof. It has been noted already that the

general editors of the Folio quickly tired of their task, and perhaps the hired men who collated and copied at the playhouse and the press corrector in Jaggard's office may have tired also. It is possible also, and if human nature be taken into account, even probable, that when the copy arrived in manuscript and not in the form of a previously printed text, the craving to alter did not make itself felt in so severe a form. It could hardly have been otherwise than intensely interesting if Dr. Aldis Wright, when fresh from revising the Cambridge Shakespeare, or Dr. Howard Furness the elder, when in the full swing of work, had been tempted into a discussion as to whether the 'textus receptus' of the plays printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623 is better on an average, or worse, than in the case of plays of which a good Quarto as well as the Folio is available.

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The literary side of editing a bibliographer must leave to his betters. Our task has been rescuing certain Quartos from most unbiblio-graphical denunciations. We have quoted one wise and one not-so-wise remark from Dr. Johnson's introduction to his edition of Shakespeare. It is amusing to find that Johnson in the prospectus which preceded by nine years the publication of his text out-heroded Herod in the vigour of his language. Here is what he wrote:

The business of him that republishes an ancient book is, to correct what is corrupt, and to explain what is obscure. To have a text corrupt in many places, and in

many doubtful, is, among the authors that have written since the use of types, almost peculiar to Shakespeare. Most writers, by publishing their own works, prevent all various readings and preclude all conjectural criticism. Books indeed are sometimes published after the death of him who produced them, but they are better secured from corruptions than these unfortunate compositions. They subsist in a single copy, written or revised by the author; and the faults of the printed volume can be only faults of one descent.

But of the works of Shakespeare the condition has been far different; he sold them, not to be printed, but to be played. They were immediately copied for the actors, and multiplied by transcript after transcript, vitiated by the blunders of the penman, or changed by the affectation of the player; perhaps enlarged to introduce a jest, or mutilated to shorten the representation; and printed at last without the concurrence of the author, without the consent of the proprietor, from compilations made by chance or by stealth out of the separate parts written for the theatre; and thus thrust into the world surreptitiously and hastily, they suffered another depravation from the ignorance and negligence of the printers, as every man who knows the state of the press in that age will readily conceive.

It is not easy for invention to bring together so many causes concurring to vitiate a text. No other author ever gave up his works to fortune and time with so little care; no books could be left in hands so likely to injure them, as plays frequently acted, yet continued in manuscript; no other transcribers were likely to be so little qualified for their task, as those who copied for the stage, at a time when the lower ranks of the people were universally illiterate: no other Editions were made from fragments so minutely broken, and so fortuitously re-united; and in no other age was the art of printing in such unskilful hands.

It is curious that when Johnson wrote the sentence: 'It is not easy for invention to bring together so many causes concurring to vitiate a text,' he should not have paused to ask himself how many of his confident statements were based upon any kind of evidence and for how many a faculty not very distinct from that of invention might be held responsible. The theory that the plays must have been 'multiplied by transcript after transcript' has held the field from his day to our own and has not one shred of evidence to support it, nothing but an imaginative pessimism convinced that this is what must have happened. The statement that the plays were 'fragments minutely broken, fortuitously reunited' printed 'from compilations made by chance, or by stealth out of the separate parts written for the theatre' is on no higher level. Indeed it may be questioned whether for once in his life the great Doctor did not descend in this passage to writing sheer nonsense. That the plays might have been 'compilations made by stealth out of the separate parts written for the theatre' is conceivable, though there is no evidence to support it, but that these compilations could have been made by *chance*, that the fragmentary 'parts' could have been '*fortuitously* reunited' is surely not even conceivable, unless indeed the theatrical 'parts' of those days were fitted with legs and we are to understand that they danced themselves together in some order of their own devising.

It is only fair to Dr. Johnson to remember that he wrote this *Prospectus* before he edited his

author, and that in his Introduction after nine years' experience he writes nothing in this vein, though it seems clear that he pinned his faith with much too absolute confidence to the First Folio. The quotation from his Prospectus is only given here because it expresses with vigorous rhetoric about the worst view of the Quartos that even invention can dictate. As a contrast with it we may quote the much saner views of Malone in his Introduction to the Shakespeare of 1790. He there writes :

Fifteen of Shakespeare's plays were printed in quarto antecedent to the first complete collection of his works, which was published by his fellow comedians in 1623. . . . The players when they mention these copies, represent them all as mutilated and imperfect; but this was merely thrown out to give an additional value to their own edition and is not strictly true of any but two of the whole number; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *King Henry V.*—With respect to the other thirteen copies, though undoubtedly they were all surreptitious, that is, stolen from the playhouse, and printed without the consent of the author or the proprietors, they *in general* are preferable to the exhibition of the same plays in the folio; for this plain reason, because, instead of printing these plays from a manuscript, the editors of the folio, to save labour, or from some other motive, printed the greater part of them from the very copies which they represented as maimed and imperfect, and frequently from a late, instead of the earliest, edition; in some instances with additions and alterations of their own. Thus therefore the first folio, as far as respects the plays above enumerated, labours under the disadvantage of being at least a second, and in some cases a third, edition of these quartos. I do not, however, mean to say, that many valuable corrections

of passages undoubtedly corrupt in the quartos are not found in the folio copy; or that a single line of these plays should be printed by a careful editor without a minute examination and collation of both copies; but those copies were in general the basis on which the folio editors built, and are entitled to our particular attention and examination as *first* editions.

It is well known to those who are conversant with the business of the press, that, (unless when the author corrects and revises his own works,) as editions of books are multiplied their errors are multiplied also; . . . The various readings found in the different impressions of the quarto copies are frequently mentioned by the late editors: it is obvious from what has been already stated, that the first edition of each play is alone of any authority [except, he notes, in the case of Romeo and Juliet], and accordingly to no other have I paid any attention. All the variations in the subsequent quartos were made by accident or caprice. Where, however, there are two editions printed in the same year, or an undated copy, it is necessary to examine each of them, because which of them was first cannot be ascertained; and being each printed from a manuscript, they carry with them a degree of authority to which a reimpresion cannot be entitled. Of the tragedy of King Lear there are no less than three copies varying from each other, printed for the same bookseller, and in the same year. Of all the plays of which there are no quarto copies extant, the first folio, printed in 1623, is the only authentick edition.

So far Malone, and if we have got beyond him in some points, in others, notably in his clear recognition that the Quartos 'were in general the basis on which the folio editors built,' and that (with stated exceptions) 'the first edition of each play is alone of any authority—all the variations in the

subsequent Quartos were made by accident or caprice'—he is admirably sound.

What are the points in which we can claim to have got beyond Malone after a century and a quarter of further work? Not so many, it must be confessed, nor so important, as they should be. One or two new Quartos have been discovered, notably the 'Hamlet' of 1603, giving a bad text of the play in its earlier form. We also know that there were only two early Quartos of 'King Lear,' the belief that there were more being due to the co-existence in the first edition of uncorrected and corrected sheets such as those in 'Richard II,' mentioned in our third paper.

So far as editors of Shakespeare are concerned it is doubtful whether their improvements on Malone can be shown to extend beyond these small points, and on the other hand they have hardly kept to his canon that only first editions can count as authorities. Quite recently, however, the three cases, the 'Merchant of Venice,' the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'King Lear,' in which the existence of two different editions bearing the same date led Malone to suppose that each was derived from a separate manuscript, have been resolved into three original editions, two of 1600 and one of 1608, and three reprints, all produced in 1619, and there is no longer any reason to believe in their being derived from rival manuscripts. It is rather strange that Malone did not make this discovery himself. Half a discoverer's work is done for him when the subject for investigation is rigidly isolated, and in Malone's day there must have been

in existence nearly a dozen nice fat volumes, each containing the same nine plays, three of them, viz., the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Merchant of Venice' and 'Sir John Oldcastle,' dated 1600; two others, 'Henry V' and 'King Lear,' dated 1608; three, the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' 'Yorkshire Tragedy' and 'Pericles,' dated 1619; and one, 'The whole Contention between the two famous houses of York and Lancaster,' undated. One after another of these fat little volumes got broken up for convenience of sale or handling, and now, as far as is known, only one exists, in the library of Mr. Marsden Perry at Providence, Rhode Island. Chance, however, brought this in 1902, and in 1906 a similar volume from the Hussey collection, under the same pair of eyes, and though the Hussey volume was broken up while a wild search was being made for a note of the contents of the fellow to it seen four years before, suspicion had at last been aroused, and the unravelment of the problem became only a question of time. Traces of similar volumes were found in the Capell collection at Trinity College, in the Garrick plays at the British Museum and elsewhere, and a first hypothesis was formed, that the plays with the earlier dates, four of them duplicating another edition of the same year, had sold badly and in 1619 were being made up into a volume with those printed in that year, as a kind of 'remainder.' Then Mr. W. W. Greg made a spring at the true explanation, that the plays were all printed together in 1619, and proceeded to prove it by the very pretty, but very intricate evidence of the water-

marks. After this the quarry was in full view and it was easy to hunt it down by a variety of proofs, the 'coup de grâce' being given by an American student, Mr. William Neidig, who showed photographically that the types used for the words 'Written by W. Shakespeare,' which occur on the three title-pages dated 1619, and also on that of the 'Merchant of Venice' dated 1600, had remained untouched in the forme while all four titles were being printed—which could hardly have happened if they were separated by an interval of nineteen years.

The most lenient explanation of the five false dates assumes an original intention to prefix a general title-page to the collection, there being other instances of the short imprints and dates of first editions being placed on the separate title-pages of a volume of reprints by way of acknowledgement of the source and ownership of the text. The matter is complicated, however, by an apparent desire to establish a claim to two copyrights, those of the 'Merchant of Venice' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which may have seemed to be derelict. For our present purpose, however, it suffices to note that the controversies as to which of the rival editions of these plays and of 'King Lear' should be considered the earlier have been decisively settled in favour of those bearing the fuller imprints, and that it will be almost impossible for any future editor to maintain, as has hitherto been the fashion, that the falsely dated editions were printed from separate manuscripts. It seems quite clear that they must have been reprinted from the

correctly dated First Editions, and that the variants in the text all originated in the printing-house.

The second point in which we claim to have improved on Malone is as to the interpretation to be placed on the oft-quoted words

where (before) you were abus'd with diuerse stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors, that expos'd them: euen those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd and perfect of their limbes.

Malone, though he distinguished between the bad Quartos, such as those of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' and 'King Henry V,' the text of which was entirely rejected by the editors of the Folio, and the good Quartos, which the Folio editors, either (as he supposes) 'to save labour or from some other motive,' used as their text in reprinting the plays, nevertheless says categorically :

Undoubtedly they were *all* surreptitious, that is stolen from the playhouse, and printed without the consent of the author or the proprietors.

It is confidently submitted that this assertion needlessly extends and enlarges the statement of the editors of the Folio, at the cost of making them decry their own property and tell foolish and gratuitous lies.

There is some slight ambiguity about the exact meaning of the word 'where' in the Preface to the First Folio. It is at least possible that it should be construed as equivalent to 'in those cases in which,' 'where before you were abus'd'—'in those cases

in which you were abus'd'—‘with diuerse stolne  
and surreptitious copies, even those are now offer'd  
to your view cur'd.’ It is more probable, however,  
that it should be taken as meaning ‘whereas’—  
whereas before you were abus'd, even those copies  
are now set right. Adopting this as the meaning  
less favourable to our case, may we not reasonably  
ask whether, if the players had intended to affix  
the charge of surreptitiousness on all the Quartos,  
they would have been content with so guarded a  
statement? Divers stolen and surreptitious copies  
had been issued—the first ‘Romeo and Juliet,’  
‘Henry V,’ the ‘Merry Wives,’ the first ‘Hamlet,’  
probably a first ‘Loves Labors Lost,’ which has  
not come down to us. All these editions had been  
rejected by the Folio editors, who had replaced  
them by good texts, and could therefore, without  
reference to any other texts, truthfully say—‘even  
those are now offer'd to your view cur'd and perfect  
of their limbes.’

It is possible, of course, that when they men-  
tioned ‘diuerse copies’ the Folio editors intended  
their readers to add the mental comment ‘to wit,  
all the seventeen plays that have hitherto been  
printed.’ But if they wanted this to be under-  
stood, why did they not say so? They had plenty  
of picturesque language at their command! Why  
should we make the words ‘diuerse copies’ apply  
to any except the plays which the Folio editors  
rejected, which bear their own evidence of a dis-  
reputable origin, and were never regularly entered  
on the Stationers’ Register? Why should we  
extend it to the plays which the Folio editors

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were actually using as the source of their text, and of which in some cases the copyrights were at that moment vested in some of the publishers of the Folio?

It has been the object of these papers to show that the Quartos regularly entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company were neither stolen nor surreptitious. I have gone further than this by bringing together some little evidence that some at least of these editions may have been set up from Shakespeare's autograph manuscript, and have further dangled before my readers the hope that in some of these much vilified texts there may yet survive evidence of how Shakespeare meant some of his great speeches to be delivered. This is as far as bibliography can take us. The literary critics must be allowed their rights. But if, overstepping these, they raise the foolish old cry, 'all stolne and surreptitious,' I hope in future they will be received with the answering whoop, 'Printed from the author's autograph,' for which there is at least as much justification as the other, and I venture to think a good deal more.

A. W. POLLARD.

## A STOIC IN HIS GARDEN.

**L**IPSIUS' dialogue, 'De Constantia,' was published about 1584<sup>1</sup> at Leyden. Belgium had long been in the turmoil of civil war. In 1572 Lipsius' own property had been pillaged whilst he was travelling. He had been to Liége to see his friend Charles Lange (or Langius), Canon of Saint-Lambert,<sup>2</sup> and had afterwards gone on to Germany, Bohemia, and Saxony. After holding for a year or so a professorship at Jena, he returned to his home at Overyssche in 1575, by which time the civil war had subsided. But the troubles broke out again, and he had to fly to Louvain. Then in 1578, when the Spaniards entered Louvain, he went to Antwerp, and thence in 1579 to Leyden, where he had secured the chair of History.

His book, 'On Constancy,' written, as he says, for his own edification, is an attempt to define the right attitude of a thoughtful man towards public evils such as Belgium endured. Lipsius wrote as a Stoic. Travel, he says, does not avail to cure the weariness and despondency which such evils induce. It is the mind itself which must be changed and made constant; and true constancy is founded on the judgments of right reason as distinguished

<sup>1</sup> Nisard, in 'Le Triumvirat Littéraire' (pp. 60-2), gives 1583.

<sup>2</sup> Zanta, 'La Renaissance du Stoïcisme' (1914), p. 154.

from those of fickle opinion. The things which chiefly make assault upon our constancy are external good and evil things, both public and private. Of these, probably public evils (or reputed evils) are the most trying—such things, namely, as wars, pestilences, and tyrannies. Yet with regard to these public evils we should remember three things: (1) That we are prone, when apparently lamenting national sufferings, to be really deplored our personal risks or mischances which are therein involved; (2) that an excessive (and erroneous) love of our country may lead us to bewail them overmuch. What, after all, is our own country? The space of a few fields? or the region bounded by certain mountain ranges? or is it, as Socrates held, the whole world? (3) that commiseration for those tossed on the waves of calamities may even be a vice. The sort of effeminate pity which faints at the sight of another's misfortunes is useless and mischievous; on the other hand, that inclination of the mind which prompts us to lighten helpfully the poverty or anguish of another is justifiable and right.

Coming then to the nature and origin of public evils, four main propositions, which form the backbone of the book, are advanced and argued concerning them: (*a*) That they are sent among us by the Providence of God, who is interested in and presides over all human affairs. (*b*) That they are necessary, and derived from Fate, in accordance with the law of mutation and death which obtains both throughout the physical world and throughout the affairs, the cities, and the kingdoms of man.

(c) That they are advantageous to us in various ways, e.g. by training us to overcome difficulties; by admonishing us to keep to the right path, and not, in overweening confidence, to forsake it; and by chastising those who do wrong. (d) That they are neither intolerable nor novel: it is less the calamities themselves that we fear than the circumstances with which our imagination tricks them out; we always exaggerate, too, the afflictions of our own age in comparison with those of previous ages—wherein we are wrong, as is shown by an enumeration of the hosts of victims who suffered in certain old wars, famines, pestilences, and oppressions.

Of these four main propositions the second, third, and fourth are developed with some fullness. In the second, drawn from Necessity, and the perpetual 'circle of beginning and ending,' various definitions of Fate are given and expounded, as is to be expected in a book written on Stoic or Neo-Stoic lines. One point which is here brought out is this: To say that the evils are 'fated' does not justify us in sitting with hands folded. It may also be 'fated'—we do not know—that our personal efforts shall be the turning-point in their redress. The point is interesting in regard to the fatalistic attitude of certain Stoics. The third proposition deals with the methods of divine justice, with its sanction of these calamities, and with the apparent inequality of punishments. The fourth includes certain statistics—viz. of the slaughter of the Jews (a million and a quarter), and of the vast number of men and cities destroyed in Grecian and Roman wars; to say nothing of the men,

women, and children carried into captivity, or of the incredible mortality through plagues, starvation, organized murders by consuls or kings, etc. Compared with these appalling losses, Belgium's sufferings, Lipsius thought, were slight.

Such evils, then, are common to all nations. If we recognize clearly that they have formed part of human experience in all ages, we shall cease to be unduly perturbed by them.

The 'De Constantia' is divided into two books; and the garden episode here translated makes an interlude at the beginning of the second part. The interlocutors are Lipsius himself and Langius of Liége, with whom Lipsius represents himself as having held this discussion when he visited him some years before in a flight from Belgium. Langius is the principal speaker, Lipsius the one to be convinced.

Editions of the text which are accurate and pleasant to read are hard to discover. The work would bear reprinting in times like these; or even one of the old translations might be reproduced.

#### TRANSLATION OF THE 'DE CONSTANTIA' II. 1-3.

##### I.

ON the following day Langius thought he would take me to his gardens. He had them in two groups, which he looked after with watchful care, one being on a hill just opposite the house, the other lying a little further off on lower ground,

beside the Meuse itself—that river which ‘flows with smooth current through the pleasant town.’ So he caught me quite early in my room, and said, ‘Shall we have a walk, Lipsius, or would you rather keep quiet and sit still?’ ‘I’ll have the walk, Langius, by all means,’ said I, ‘if it’s with you. But where shall we go?’ ‘If you’d like it, to my gardens,’ said Langius, ‘beside the river. They are not a long way off, you’ll get some exercise *en route*, and you’ll see the town; besides, the air is pleasant and cooling in this heat.’ ‘Good,’ said I; ‘and indeed, with you to guide me, no way would be wearisome—barring, say, one to the ends of Asia.’ Thereupon we called for our cloaks and put them on; we set off, and we arrived. At the entrance I looked from point to point with a roaming yet observant glance; I marvelled at the rich elegance and well-kept order of the place. ‘You dear old man,’ said I, ‘how delightful this is; how brilliant! It’s a heaven you have here, Langius, not a garden! Why, the very stars in a serene night burn no more brightly than these flowers of yours that flash and gleam in their variety! The vaunted gardens forsooth of Adonis and Alcinous? They were trifles compared to these, and empty toys.’ As I spoke I went nearer, and drew some of the flowers close to my nostrils and my eyes. ‘Which should I pray for first,’ I said, ‘to become all eyes like Argus, or all nose like Catullus? Each of my senses alike here gets refreshment and delightful stimulus. Avaunt, ye odours of Araby! Ye smell vilely, methinks.

<sup>1</sup> Quod per amoenam urbem leni fluit agmine flumen. Ennius.

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beside a fragrance so pure, so truly celestial.' Langius pressed my hand caressingly, though he smiled. 'Let me say, Lipsius,' he replied, 'that neither I, nor this rustic Flora of mine, can accept such urbane and dexterous praise.' I answered, 'But, Langius, it is true. You think I am flattering? I say seriously, and am honestly persuaded, that the Elysian Fields are not Elysian compared with this pleasure of yours. For see, what radiancy is here on all sides! what order! how fittingly things are all set out in their little beds and banks! No floor of mosaic could be worked more daintily! Then what abundance of flowers and herbage! what rarity and novelty! In this little enclosure, one would think, Nature has concentrated every excellence of the old world and of the new.'

II.

'AND I tell you it's a fine thing and a praiseworthy, Langius, this enthusiasm of yours for gardens—an enthusiasm into which, if I am not mistaken, all the best and most simple-minded men get drawn by Nature herself. In proof of this, it would be hard to name any pleasure about which, from all time, notable men have been so eagerly of one mind. Look through the Sacred Writings, what do you find? You will see that with the birth of the world came the birth of gardens, which God himself assigned to the first man as his dwelling, and, so to speak, as the abode of a happy life. And in profane writings? See how proverbs and legends tell of the gardens of Adonis, Alcinous,

Tantalus, the Hesperides. In true and authentic histories, too, you will find that plantations of trees were begun by the hand of King Cyrus; flowers pendent in the air, by that of Semiramis; and, by that of Masinissa, a new and notable cultivation, that set Africa wondering. Then, too, among ancient Greeks and Romans how many famous persons I could recall who, laying aside other cares, gave themselves up to this care only. Among Greeks, you have, in a word, most of the philosophers and wise men; they left the city and the distracted agora and shut themselves within the walks and the hedges of gardens. Among Romans, I see King Tarquinius, far back in antique Rome, gently walking in his gardens, cutting off the heads of the poppies; Cato, the grave Censor, I recognize, devoted to garden affairs, and writing seriously about them; Lucullus, too, after his victories in Asia, I see taking his ease in them; Sulla, when he had given up the Dictatorship, therein quietly passing into old age; and the Emperor Diocletian valuing his cabbage and lettuce at Salona above all his purple and his sceptres. Nor has the crowd differed from the judgment of its betters; for I know that, among it, all men whose minds are simple, and free from evil ambition, have given themselves up to this art.

'Assuredly there is some secret and congenital force in us (though its origin I cannot readily explain), which draws us to this guileless and simple pleasure—draws, not only us who are disposed to yield, but even those grave and austere men who resist its pull and think scorn of it. And,

as none may behold the firmament and its eternal fires without a hidden dread and awe, so none can see the divine wealth of the earth, and the fair order of this ordered world around us, without a silent thrill and sensation of delight. Question your heart and mind: they will say that such a sight captivates them, nay, feeds them. Question your eyes and senses: they will confess that in no place could they so willingly abide as among these garden beds and flowery banks. Stand, pray, about these swelling ranks of flowers; see how that one is bourgeoning from its cup, this from its sheath, yonder one from the bud; look at this one dying so suddenly, that other just coming to the birth; and observe lastly, in one species and another, the habit, the form, the features, so like in a thousand ways, and so diverse.

'What mind so rigid as not to unbend, amidst all this, in gentle thoughtfulness, and become softened? Come and give heed, eyes of mine! Fix yourselves a while on these radiancies and tints; look into this purple of nature's own, this blood colour, this ivory, this snow, this flame, this gold! and all those other hues such as an artist's brush may rightly emulate—emulate indeed, yet never equal. Lastly, what an exhalation of perfume is here! what a breathing and penetration! Surely some heavenly air is poured upon us from on high. It can be no empty feigning of our poet-folk when they say that most flowers are born of the essence and life-blood of the immortal Gods. Hail, thou true fount of joy and welling pleasure! Hail, thou abode of all Loves and Graces! Mine be it to

possess my life in peace amid your shades ! Mine, to be withdrawn far from civic tumults and to roam to and fro among these herbs and flowers—flowers of the known world and of the unknown—with glad, unsated eyes ; and as this one droops down, and that one arises, to touch them and watch them ; and in a haphazard waywardness to be here beguiled of all cares and labours.'

### III.

I SAID all this with some heat, and with eager voice and face. Langius' aspect was quiet as he said to me, ' You are in love, Lipsius, you are certainly in love, with this flower-decked, purple-clad nymph ; but I fear you love her intemperately. You praise gardens ; yet in such a way as to show you admire their many empty or outward delights, whilst you neglect those that are true and legitimate. You gloat, I mean, over the colours, you rest on the banks, you search after flowers from the known and the unknown world. Pray, what is it you really think them ? I would fain be sure that you too are not of that sect which has just arisen—a sect of busybodies and idlers—men who turn a very good and simple thing into an instrument of the two vices of Vanity and Laziness. That is the purpose with which they keep gardens. They get together vaingloriously some little herbs and exotic flowers, and having got them they coddle them and guard them more nervously than any mother her son. These are the men whose letters go hurrying about into Thrace, Greece, and India ;

and all for the sake of some tiny seed or trifling bulb. To these men the death of some new flower is more grievous than that of an old friend. We may laugh at that old Roman, Hortensius, who went into deep mourning for one of his fish ; these do the like for their plant. Again, if one of these courtiers of Flora's has acquired some little novelty or rarity, how he displays it ! how the other competitors rival and envy him ! but some go home more gloomy than Sulla or Marcellus of old, when, as candidates for the Praetorship, they were beaten. What can we call it, but a kind of laughable madness, not unlike that of children who turn white and furious over their dolls and puppets ? Then you must realise the industry of these same men in their gardens ! They sit, they walk about, they yawn, they sleep—and naught else ! so that, in fact, this is no retreat or leisure that they keep, but a burial-place of sloth. The ignorant crew ! I would shut them out—and with justice—from the sacred rites of the true and secret garden ; for I know it was designed for temperate pleasure, not for vanity ; for peace, not for torpor. Am I so light-minded that the mere getting or losing of some paltry, little-known plant shall make me exult or despair ? Nay, I judge things at their proper value. I strip off the meretricious show of novelty ; I know that they are plants, know that they are flowers—that is, things shortlived and fugitive, about which the great poet<sup>1</sup> says most rightly, “Zephyr's breeze brings some to the birth, others to maturity.” It is not, then, that I despise this pleasure, or this

<sup>1</sup> Homer, ‘Od.’ 7, 119.

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beauty. You see the evidence! But I differ from the soft school of Hortensius in this, that I am untroubled in acquiring such things, untroubled in possessing them, untroubled in losing them. Nor am I myself so withered, nay, so dead, as to hide away and bury myself, as it were, in these garden shades. I find occupation even in this leisure, and my mind here discovers things which, making no ado, it can do quietly, which it can elaborate without laboriousness. "I am never less solitary," as has been said, "than when alone; never less leisurely than when at leisure." It is an excellent saying; and I would dare affirm that it originated in just such gardens as these. Of a truth they are made for the mind, not the body; for bringing renewal to the one, not slackness to the other; in a word, for healthful retreat from care and "the madding crowd." Are men wearisome to you? Here you will be in your own home. Has occupation exhausted you? Replenishment lies here, where your mind may have the true food of quietness, and may draw from a purer air the inspiration of a new life. Wherefore, behold those Wise Men of old: it was in gardens they dwelt. Behold those erudite and learned souls of to-day: in gardens do they take their pleasure, wherein are mainly wrought and shaped those divine writings at which we marvel, writings to which no sequence of years, no old age, can bring surcease. To the green Lyceum how many treatises on nature do we not owe? To the Academic groves, how many on ethics? From garden walks, too, there stream forth those rich rivers of wisdom from which we

drink, and which with their fruitful flood have washed the whole earth. Truly, the mind rises and mounts nearer to those high things when it is free and unshackled, when it can behold its own sky, than when it is enclosed and kept fast in the imprisonment of houses or cities. Fashion here, then, oh ye poets, some enduring song ! Meditate and write here, ye men of letters ! And do ye, oh philosophers, argue here on tranquillity, on constancy, on life, and on death ! See then, Lipsius, the true use and end of gardens : it is leisure, retirement, meditation, reading, writing ; and all these, nevertheless, as if by way of relaxation and play. As painters, if their eyes have grown dull by long straining, restore them by looking in mirrors and on greenery ; so we here restore our mind when it is weary or prone to wander. And why should I hide from you my own practice ? Do you see that pergola, with its topiary art ? That is my ‘abode of the Muses,’ that my gymnasium and wrestling-ground of wisdom. There I either fill my heart with abstruse and serious reading, or I implant, as it were, in it, the seeds of fruitful thoughts ; and from these I store in my mind, like weapons in an armoury, precepts which anon are ready at call against the rough force and fickleness of Fortune. As soon as I set foot therein, I bid all common and ignoble cares remain aloof ; and holding my head erect as may be, I watch beneath me the pursuits of the ignorant crowd and all the emptiness of human affairs. Nay, I seem to strip off from me the man, and to be caught aloft in the fiery chariots of Wisdom. Am I there,

think you, tormented about the intrigues of the French or the Spaniards? about who keeps or loses the sceptre of Belgium? whether the tyrant of Asia threatens us by sea or land? or, in a word, "what plan the king of the frozen north-land is brooding over?"<sup>1</sup> Not so. Fenced and shut in against outward things, I abide within myself. I am free from all cares save one; that is, to break in and tame my mind in submission to right reason and to God, and to subdue all other human affairs to my mind. So that whenever my last, fated day shall come, I may receive it with tranquil mien and without sorrow; and may go out from this life not as a man who is cast forth, but like a man set free. These, Lipsius, are my leisurely meditations in the gardens; these are the fruits which, so long as my mind keeps its health, I would not exchange for all the treasures of Persia or of the Indies.'

BASIL ANDERTON.

<sup>1</sup> Quid sub Arcto | Rex gelidae meditetur orae [vice Quis sub Arcto | Rex gelidae metuatur orae. Horace, 'Odes,' i, 26].

## IDEALS IN MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.

HENRI DE RÉGNIER.

‘Chaque auteur conseille lui-même la façon de l'étudier.’

‘Mais qu'importe sa vie à qui peut par son rêve  
Disposer de l'espace et disposer du temps !’

**M**Y readers may ask what is Henri de Régnier doing in this galère? His work, as novelist, critic and poet, shows no concern with social problems, he offers no remedies for the relief of man's estate, his novels and his critical essays are not of the first rank in those forms of literature. This is true. But Régnier is a poet, and in my judgment the greatest of contemporary French poets, and every great poet is a benefactor of mankind, inasmuch as he keeps in view high ideals of life and conduct. Régnier's poetry is a poetry of ideas rather than a poetry of emotions, the poetry of one who not only feels but thinks. He reveals to us the comfort and consolation to be derived from the contemplation of the beauty that surrounds us in this world, in external nature, in art, in human acts, and human character, and human thought. Moreover, Régnier has not only seen

this beauty himself, but he has the genius to make us see it too. English critics sometimes fail to appreciate French poetry at its proper value, chiefly because they seek in it qualities they will never find. If, in the case of Régnier, they will be content to take what the poet offers them, if they will listen to the '*tendre et fraternel langage de l'homme*' that he speaks, they will be richly rewarded, and will have gone far on the way to realize those spiritual relations without which there can be no real entente either between individuals or between nations. In Régnier's own words,

'C'est en leurs poètes que les peuples peuvent le mieux s'aimer et se comprendre. Les rapports entre nations sont sujets à des malentendus et à des disputes. Seules les relations spirituelles restent pures et divines.'

Henri de Régnier was born at Honfleur, 28th December, 1864. His father was an official in the Customs. The family was an old one and can be traced back to 1585. His mother was a member of a Burgundy family that also can be traced back to the sixteenth century. He has described his childish recollections and impressions in '*Le Tréfle blanc*', perhaps the most delightful piece of prose, both in subject and style, he has written. In 1871 his father was appointed to a post in Paris, whither the family migrated. The boy was sent to the Collège Stanislas. He passed the Sorbonne examinations and entered the School of Law. Then he determined to prepare for the Foreign Office and a diplomatic career. But literature drew him more strongly, and between 1885

and 1888 he published four collections of verses, and definitely became a man of letters. His early experiences, however, may be traced in his work. There is, for instance, a capital description of an oral examination at the Sorbonne in '*Les vacances d'un jeune homme sage*,' and of Foreign Office clerks in '*Le Mariage de Minuit*,' two of his best known novels.

Régnier soon came to know the leading writers of the day, among them Sully Prudhomme, Leconte de Lisle, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Villiers de L'Isle Adam, and Heredia. In 1896 he married Heredia's second daughter, well known as a novelist under the pseudonym of Gérard d'Houville.<sup>1</sup>

By 1892 Régnier was 'lancé,' and his work began to be sought. He has written a number of novels and short stories, all of which have distinction, but which do not stand as high as his verse. They are more the work of a poet than of a novelist. The plot, the story have scant importance, but episodes lending themselves to poetical treatment are delightfully described. The setting of the early novels and tales is the Louis Quatorze period, or the early eighteenth century, and gives opportunity for many genre pictures. His later novels and stories deal with contemporary manners. The best known of those, perhaps, are '*Le Mariage de Minuit*' (1903), '*La Peur de l'Amour*' (1907), and '*La Flambée*' (1909). We find in them, in spite of a tendency to describe his personages too much after the manner of La Bruyère's '*Caractères*',

<sup>1</sup> The other two daughters of Heredia are married to Pierre Louys and Maurice Maindron.

a manner that in less skilful hands than that of the master tends to caricature, a poetical feeling, a grace and a charm that atone for the somewhat libertine atmosphere. The heroine of 'Le Mariage de Minuit,' Mlle. de Cléré, is a delightful creation. She is a young woman of great intelligence and charm, but as an orphan, and portionless, she is compelled to live with a guardian, a lady of easy morals who moves in a set where her conduct is condoned. Every sort of plan is put in action in order to bring about a wealthy marriage for Mlle. de Cléré, and the scene in which she shows her contempt for one of these suitors is masterly in its action and psychology. M. de Serpigny needs capital for his manufacture of fine glass. Baron de Hangsdorff, a rich connoisseur and collector of old glass, is inclined to assist Serpigny, but hesitates. The Baron is elderly, absurd in manners, unpossessing in appearance, but it occurs to Serpigny that he would be glad to marry so charming a young woman as Mlle. de Cléré, dowerless though she be, and that once the marriage is a 'fait accompli,' the girl who is, he knows, not disinclined to make a marriage of reason, will, out of gratitude to Serpigny, persuade her husband to give him the desired financial support. Serpigny arranges that the couple shall meet at luncheon at his house. But Mlle. de Cléré must not drink out of a common tumbler that serves for ordinary mortals. So he produces from a locked cabinet a couple of old glass goblets of beautiful shape and workmanship and of great value. At the sight Hangsdorff clapped his hands, and delighted at the opportunity

to show Mlle. de Cléré how wealthy he was, exclaimed, 'Serpigny, I'll give you £400 for the pair.' The chapter and the episode end in one of those brilliant passages that abound in Régnier's writings, and which are to my mind quite untranslatable. I venture, therefore, to quote the greater part of it. To Hangsdorff's offer Serpigny replies:

'Ils sont en effet, dignes de figurer parmi vos merveilles, mon cher Hangsdorff. Ne croyez pas, mademoiselle, que M. de Hangsdorff soit un collectionneur comme les autres, qui emprisonne ses chefs-d'œuvre sous des vitrines. Il les aime trop pour cela et les laisse vivre de leur brillante et silencieuse vie. Vous rappelez-vous, mon cher Hangsdorff cette promenade sur la lagune,<sup>1</sup> un soir d'été, et cette grande coupe que nous emportâmes pour faire une libation à la lune? Vous l'emplîtes d'une eau qui s'argenta aux rayons de l'astre et que vous laissâtes tomber goutte à goutte dans le silence de la nuit. Pensez, mon cher Hangsdorff, combien cette coupe aurait été plus belle en d'autres mains, et j'en sais qui la sauraient lever dignement.'

Serpigny looked at Mlle. de Cléré.

'Elle était très pâle.

"Croyez-vous, monsieur, les femmes ont la main capricieuse."

'Elle avait saisi sur la table le précieux gobelet et le tournait entre ses doigts, puis brusquement, elle le laissa tomber sur le parquet, où il se brisa en mille pièces.'

Régnier touches very little in his writings on social problems or on the so-called questions of

<sup>1</sup> Hangsdorff lived at Venice.

the day; his interests lie rather in questions of criticism and of æsthetics. But in 1913, in one of his little essays, he said something about war, and the views of so distinguished a writer on his countrymen's attitude to war before the events that plunged Europe into this terrible struggle are worth recording. Régnier declared that the French only desired to live at peace and on good terms with their neighbours, a strange modification of the national character, he thinks, as the French used to have a taste for warlike adventures. He found that, although France had not wholly lost her military temperament, she was no longer aggressive, but had become defensive. She still possessed a formidable instrument of war, which meant to her guarantee for her security, but had no thought of setting it in motion so long as she was not molested, as certain indispensable concessions were made to her, and as her good nature was not abused. She remained satisfied with the knowledge that the powerful organization of men and material at her disposal would act in proper fashion, should its use become inevitable. She had no desire to try its strength and range. Régnier acknowledged that France had preserved a real and profound appreciation of her military past, and admired from afar, as it were, the martial qualities she had displayed. But the spirit of military enterprise had died down, if it had not wholly disappeared. That was Régnier's diagnosis of the French temper in 1913, and Germans who believe in the existence of a plot among the Allies to destroy Germany would do well to study it.

How the very next year, under pressure of wanton invasion, the old French military spirit revived, and in a new and more splendid form, all the world now knows, and none better than the Germans, to whom it came as a great surprise.

Régnier's critical essays are interesting. His most important volume of criticism is '*Figures et Caractères*' (1901), and the studies it contains on Michelet, Alfred de Vigny, Victor Hugo, Stephane Mallarmé and others, deserve attention. He takes a high view of the critic's office, and declares

'on ne s'improvise pas critique si aisément qu'on le croit et sans un exercice particulier. Il y faut la patience de tout apprendre et la vivacité de tout sentir.'

But it is as a poet that Régnier takes his place in the hierarchy of letters. His 'instigateurs' were Mallarmé and Heredia, both of whom possessed in a high degree the '*don de critique initiatrice*.' But he was soon able to walk alone, and while preserving all that was best in his teachers, struck out a line for himself.

Régnier's poetry has evoked much criticism in France. The critics' chief difficulty seems to be his classification. He makes use now of '*vers libres*,' now of classical measures; sometimes he is as direct and simple as the ancient Greek poets; at others as symbolist and mystical as the staunchest supporters of the symbolist school could desire. After all, it is possible to be both symbolist and realist, and therein, I think, lies Régnier's secret. Looked at in one way, all literature is the symboli-

sation of ideas. Remy de Gourmont says if we adhere to the narrow, etymological sense of the word, it means almost nothing; but if we go beyond that, it can mean

'individualisme en littérature, liberté de l'art, abandon des formules enseignées, tendance vers ce qui est nouveau, étrange, bizarre même; cela peut vouloir dire aussi idéalisme, dédain de l'anecdote sociale, anti-naturalisme.'

Contemporary literary art bears emphatic signs of this desire of liberty, and of this preoccupation with idealism.

It is Régnier's distinction that with the mysteries of symbolism he minglest an intense reality. He possesses, as it were, a double vision, and is the most objective of lyric poets. He is full of reticences—some of his critics even describe him as taciturn. Emotion is rare with him, but when it is present, as in 'Le Vase,' it is a lofty emotion. A French critic has said that balance ('équilibre') is perfect health unrealisable physically, and only to be realised in a work of art. I think I do not claim too much in stating that such balance is to be found in the best of Régnier's poems. He is a man of thought who worships independence in methods of expressing his thought. His verses open up for us 'la vie supérieure de la contemplation,' and show us that amid the struggles and disappointments of life, contemplation can alone give us the needful resignation and consolation.

The only satisfactory way in which to describe Régnier's verse is to quote it. I must try to do

his seven volumes<sup>1</sup> what justice I can within the limits of a brief article.

Many consider his 'chef d'œuvre' to be 'Le Vase.' It is a poem of about a hundred lines in 'vers libres,' and is generally recognised to be the finest poem ever composed in that form. Perhaps I should not use the term *form* in conjunction with 'vers libres,' but here, as everywhere, Régnier's manipulation of them produces the illusion that we are reading a poem written in the most classical of French metres. The harmony and rhythm are perfect.

A sculptor is fashioning a vase out of a block of marble with his heavy hammer, working in the open air,

‘Rhythmant le matin clair et la bonne journée,’  
delighting  
‘d’être sonore en l’air léger.’

The vase shaped, the sculptor awaits inspiration for its decoration. And one day he dreams—it is a waking dream—that he hears the sound of flutes; another day, he tells us,

‘Entre les feuilles d’ocre et d’or  
Du bois, je vis, avec ses jambes de poil jaune  
Dancer un faune.’

Yet another time,

‘Un centaure passa la rivière à la nage.’

<sup>1</sup> The chief are: ‘Poèmes, 1887-1892’ (1897); ‘Les jeux rustiques et divins’ (1897); ‘La cité des eaux’ (1902); ‘La sandale ailée, 1903-1905’ (1906).

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And then

'Des femmes nues  
Passèrent en portant des paniers et des gerbes,  
Très loin, tout au bout de la plaine.'

One morning he meets three of them at the fountain, and one of the nymphs says to him:

'Sculpte la pierre  
Selon la forme de mon corps en tes pensées,  
Et fais sourire au bloc ma face claire ;  
Écoute autour de toi les heures dansées  
Par mes sœurs dont la ronde se renoue,  
Entrelacée,  
Et tourne et chante et se dénoue.'

He looks on at the wonderful dance, in which all nature seems to join, the fountain flows more swiftly, 'avec un rire dans ses eaux'; and nymphs, and fauns, and centaurs on whose backs satyrs ride,

'et la ronde immense et frénétique  
Sabots lourds, pieds légers, toisons, croupes, tuniques,  
Tournait éperdument autour de moi qui, grave,  
Au passage, sculptait aux flancs gonflés du vase  
Le tourbillonnement des forces de la vie.'

He shapes in the marble not only the sights he sees, but also the odours he smells, and the sounds he hears. He is intoxicated with the beauty and the rhythmical movement; he is inspired and uplifted; he is 'laid asleep in body and becomes a living soul'; all the while he works at making his vase a thing of beauty. But, his task accomplished, the work completed, like Abt Vogler, he

declines on the common chord of life, and is filled with a sense of the distance between his reach and his grasp. The poem ends with a suggested contrast between the life, movement, and sound of the vision and the cold silence of its representation in marble :

‘Le grand Vase se dressait nu dans la silence,  
Et sculptée en spirale à son marbre vivant,  
La ronde dispersée et dont un faible vent  
Apportait dans l'écho la rumeur disparue,  
Tournait avec ses boucs, ses dieux, ses femmes nues,  
Ses centaures cabrés et ses faunes adroits,  
Silencieusement autour de la paroi.’

The underlying intention of the poem is to figure forth in melodious language the part of the poet and of poetry in life. But it is never wise to read too much allegory into a poem in which the symbolism is as delicately suggested as it is here. It is perhaps more profitable and interesting to recall that Régnier is a lover and an admirer of Keats, and I like to think that, different as the two poems are, the ‘Ode on a Grecian Urn’ had some part in the fashioning of Régnier’s ‘Vase.’

Régnier has made a different use of ‘vers libres’ in some short poems included under the generic term ‘Odelettes.’ The form of these was not invented by Régnier, but it has become peculiarly his own by the exquisite way in which he has handled it. As one of his critics phrases it, ‘C'est une fraîche et merveilleuse symphonie que dessine la flûte du poète.’

Régnier himself makes no claim to composing symphonies. He merely explains how

'Un petit roseau m'a suffi  
Pour fair frémir l'herbe haute  
Et tout le pré  
Et les doux saules  
Et le ruisseau qui chante aussi ;  
Un petit roseau m'a suffi  
A faire chanter la forêt.'

He takes ordinary subjects, by choice those that lend themselves to reverie and contemplation, the seasons—there is an ode to autumn that again makes us think of Keats—the varying aspects of nature (the beauty of water especially appeals to him, it is he who found for Versailles the delightful synonym 'la ville des eaux'), life, death, love joyful and happy, and love that has become a melancholy regret. One of these love poems begins with this stanza, which is best characterized by the epithet a French critic would use, 'délicieux':

'Si j'ai parlé  
De mon amour, c'est à l'eau lente  
Qui m'écoute quand je me penche  
Sur elle ; si j'ai parlé  
De mon amour, c'est au vent  
Qui rit et chuchote entre les branches ;  
Si j'ai parlé de mon amour, c'est à l'oiseau  
Qui passe et chante  
Avec la vente  
Si j'ai parlé  
C'est à l'écho.'

Surely here the 'vers libres' have all the charm of a regular lyric measure.

But some of us may care for Régnier most in his thoughtful, contemplative poems. Here is one of the finest of them, as classical in form as need be, expressing with a tender melancholy the desire that the striving and struggle of our lives may not be wholly in vain :

'Le vrai sage est celui qui fonde sur le sable,  
Sachant que tout est vain dans le temps éternel  
Et que même l'amour est aussi peu durable  
Que le souffle du vent et la couleur du ciel.'

C'est ainsi qu'il se fait, devant l'homme et les choses,  
Ce visage tranquille, indifférent et beau . . .

Parmi tout ce qui change et tout ce qui s'efface,  
Je pourrais, comme lui, rester grave et serein,  
Et, si la fleur se fane en la saison qui passe,  
Penser que c'est le sort qui lui veut son destin.

Mais j'aime mieux laisser l'angoisse qui m'opresse  
Emplir mon cœur plaintif et mon esprit trouble,  
Et pleurer de regret, d'attente et de détresse,  
Et d'un obscur tourment que rien n'a consolé ;

Car ni le pur parfum des roses sur le sable,  
Ni la douceur du vent, ni la beauté du ciel,  
N'apaise mon désir avide et misérable  
Que tout ne soit pas vain dans le temps éternel.'

Another poem in the same form, entitled 'Le Secret,'<sup>1</sup> breathes the very spirit of consolation, and to have written that alone would, in the present circumstances when so many bereaved

<sup>1</sup> There is an English translation of the poem by Wilfred Thorley in the July number of the 'English Review,' p. 4.

souls are in sore need of comfort, entitle Régnier to a place among those French writers whose high ideals for their country I have tried to indicate in these articles. If, he writes, we would ease a man's pain,

'Parle-lui du soleil, des arbres, des fontaines,  
De la mer lumineuse et des bois ténébreux  
D'où monte dans le ciel la lune souterraine,  
Et de tout ce qu'on voit quand on ouvre les yeux.

Dis-lui que le printemps porte toujours des roses,  
En lui prenant les mains doucement, et tout bas,  
Car la forme, l'odeur et la beauté des choses  
Sont le seul souvenir dont on ne souffre pas.'

And I may fitly end with a reference to his poem 'Ville de France,' in which he celebrates

'La ville maternelle aux doux toits familiers.'

It is a town that has 'ni grandeur, ni gloire, ni beauté,' and will never be anything but 'une petite ville,' like scores of others in France. But when after absence, may be of a day, may be of a life-time, a man born there returns, and sees the lamp-light appearing in the windows, he feels that it is

'La patrie aux doux yeux qui me prend par la main.'

ELIZABETH LEE.

## SOME ELIZABETHAN BOOK SALES.

**R**ECORDS of several law suits in which Elizabethan booksellers were concerned have recently been found in the Plea Rolls. They relate to the sale and purchase of books, of which the titles and prices are set out, and they are worth a few moments' attention, as they take us into the shops or warehouses of certain London men, of whom little has been known, and introduce us to their customers, some of them provincial booksellers never previously heard of. The book-lists, moreover, give us an insight into the current literature of the day and its saleability, and raise some interesting problems. Finally, book-prices are always fascinating, and here we have at least two lists in which the prices of individual books are given, and the fact that while one of these records trade prices, as between bookseller and bookseller, the other gives the retail price to a private customer, and holds out hopes of getting very near to the secrets of the Elizabethan book-trade.

I. The first of these actions was brought in Michaelmas term, 1571, by Abraham Veale, the printer and bookseller, who carried on business at the sign of the 'Lamb,' in St. Paul's Churchyard, against a hitherto unknown bookseller in Norwich, named Robert Scott. The action was to recover a sum of twelve pounds odd, the balance of an

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account for books supplied to Scott at various times between the 12th July, 1568, and the 4th November, 1570.

All Scott's purchases are set out in full, and cover two closely-written membranes of the roll, but unfortunately only the sum totals of each parcel of books supplied is given, so that the value of this list lies chiefly in the insight which it gives into the class of books called for by the reading public of a large provincial city in the second half of the sixteenth century, as shewn by their titles and the number of copies that Scott found it necessary to stock, and the quickness with which new books were asked for in the provinces.

Norwich was at that time one of the most populous and thriving cities in England, in close touch with the continent of Europe, and it was also the centre of a great ecclesiastical diocese, and the clergy, we may be sure, were amongst Scott's best customers. Scott's purchases may be divided into six classes: (1) Service books and devotional works, (2) educational works including editions of classical authors, (3) ballads, (4) almanacks, (5) miscellaneous books, and (6) binding materials. On the average he replenished his stock twice a month, but towards the end of the period covered by these accounts less frequently, probably because Veale refused to let him have any more until the account was paid.

The theological books need not detain us long. On one occasion Scott bought a large bible of Jugge's edition, and on another a New Testament from the same press. Psalms and psalters figure

largely in these accounts, and were distinguished as being some in pica and others in English letter. Communion books with the psalms bound with them are also frequently mentioned. Of primers also Scott bought large numbers. They are described as both large and small, and he ordered at least a dozen copies of either one or the other every time he sent to London. Probably they were all variations of a book first published by William Seres in 1560, 'A Primer or Boke of private praier nedefull to be used of all faythfull Christians. Whyche book is to be vsed of all our louyng subjectes.' A reprint of this, including the Catechism (as did the 1560 edition, though without special mention of it) is recorded by Dibdin as issued by Seres in 1566.

Judging from the number of times it appears in Scott's list, one of the most popular devotional books of the day was the 'Treasure of Gladnes,' which is described as a little book. This had been first published by Charlewood in 1563, with the title 'This Booke is called the Treasure of Gladnesse and seemeth by the Copie, beyng a very little Manuell, and written in velam, to be made aboue C.C. yeres past at the least. Whereby it appear-eth howe God in olde tyme, and not of late only, hath been truely confessed and honoured.' Its compiler is unknown. Scott ordered two copies of the book on the 12th July, 1568, two more on the 4th November, four copies on the 20th of the same month, four more copies in December, three copies in the following May, and eight more in December, 1569. No other devotional work

figures so frequently in his accounts, but its popularity may have been partly due to the fact that it is said to have been illustrated 'cum vignettes,' though the extant copies are not so embellished. Among other books of this nature for which Scott was asked were 'The Pomander of Prayers,' Becon's well-known work, which continued in print as late as this, 'The Castle of Christianitie,' by Lewis Evans, and the same author's less familiar work, 'De Eucharistia.'

Books of various kinds used for teaching boys Latin figure largely in Robert Scott's orders. Cicero, Ovid, Terence and Virgil, as well as Cato and Mantuan are all represented, the edition of Terence desired being always specified as the Antwerp impression, from which we may conclude that it was either the best or the cheapest. There are entries also of Greek grammars, of a Greek and Latin edition of the 'Fables of Æsop,' and of various dialogue books.

Ballads are referred to in these accounts as 'Odes called ballads,' and Scott bought hundreds of them, but unfortunately, except in two instances, none of the titles are given. The exceptions are, however, notable. In his order of the 2nd September, 1569, he specially asks for four dozen other ballads of Edmund Bonner. This famous or infamous churchman was then on his death bed. He was cordially hated by the great mass of the people, and these ballads commemorated some of the chief acts of his life. He died on the 5th September. In the following year Scott also bought twenty-five ballads about the Rebellion which had

broken out in the North. Several ballads on this subject are preserved in the collection which came to the British Museum as part of the Huth Bequest in 1911.

Scott's requirements in the way of almanacs were always large, and amongst those specially mentioned were *Erra Pater*, *The Christian Almanack*, and almanacs 'cum assaribus vocatis Pegges ejusdem annex.', as to which Mr. Bosanquet's forthcoming monograph for the Bibliographical Society will doubtless enlighten us.

It is in the miscellaneous section that Scott's list is most interesting. Here are a few titles taken at random: two copies of the 'Chronicles of England,'<sup>1</sup> abridged by Stow, two books called 'Inquisitions of Spayne,'<sup>2</sup> two books called 'Arbors of Amitye,'<sup>3</sup> two books called 'Songs and Sonnettes,'<sup>4</sup> two books called 'The modest meane to marriage,'<sup>5</sup> two books called 'The Florentyne

<sup>1</sup> Marsh printed an edition continued to November, 1567. I have, as a matter of curiosity, identified all the books mentioned by Mr. Plomer from this list, and it is interesting to see how easily they can be traced.—A. W. P.

<sup>2</sup> 'A Discovery and playne Declaration of sundry subtil practices of the Holy Inquisition of Spayne. Set forth in Latine by Reginaldus Gonsalvius Montanus and newly translated.' Editions by John Day in 1568 and 1569.

<sup>3</sup> 'The Arbor of Amitie wherein is comprised pleasant Poems and pretie Poesies set foorth by Thomas Howell gentleman. Anno 1568.' Printed by Henry Denham.

Not Tottell's well-known Miscellany, though it was reprinted in 1567, but 'a boke entituled Songs and Sonnettes by Thomas Bryce,' licensed to Henry Bynneman in 1568.

<sup>5</sup> A modest Means to Mariage, translated into English by N[icholas] L[eigh] Anno 1568.' By Erasmus. Entry from Hazlitt's 'Handbook.'

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cowper,'<sup>1</sup> six books of 'Gargantua,'<sup>2</sup> two books called 'Scoggins iests,'<sup>3</sup> six interludes between the 'Devil and the charcoal burner,'<sup>4</sup> four copies of the 'Travels of John Hawkyns,'<sup>5</sup> six pictures of monstrous fishes,<sup>6</sup> six pictures of Nobody,<sup>7</sup> six books called the 'Diriges of Bonnor,'<sup>8</sup> and two books called the 'Seven Sorrows of Women.'<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Fearfull Fansies of the Florentine Couper, Written in Toscane by John Baptista Gelli, one of the free Studie of Florence, and for recreation translated into English by W. Barker. Anno 1568. Printed by Bynneman.

<sup>2</sup> Probably, from the number ordered, a chap-book. A book with this name was licensed to Danter in 1594.

<sup>3</sup> 'The geystes of Skoggon' were licensed to Thomas Colwell in 1565-6. The earliest edition known seems to be one of 1613.

<sup>4</sup> 'An Enterlude intituled Like wil to like quod the Deuel to the Collier,' printed by John Alldे 1568.

<sup>5</sup> 'A true declaration of the troublesome voyagdge of M. John Haukins to the parties of Guynea and the West Indies in 1567 and 1568. Printed by Purfoote for Harrison, 1569.

<sup>6</sup> 'A moste true and marueilous straunge wonder, of xvii. monstrous fisshes, taken in Suffolke, at Downam brydge, within a myle of Ipswiche. 1568.' Printed by T. Colwell. See 'Ballads and Broadsides chiefly of the Elizabethan period.' Edited by H. L. Collmann, Roxburgh Club. 1912. No. 52.

<sup>7</sup> In 1568-9 a licence was granted to Hugh Singleton for printing 'the retorne of olde well spoken No Body.' A poem on 'The Wellspoken Nobody,' with a German woodcut, was printed as a broadside early enough to be attributed to Wynkyn de Worde (see Collection W. L. Schreiber, sale-catalogue, 1909, no. 102), and late enough for Hazlitt (Collections, I. 307) to suggest '1600' as its date. This latter copy is reproduced as no. 91 in the Roxburgh Club volume quoted in the preceding note.

<sup>8</sup> 'A Commemoration or Dirige of Bastarde Edmonde Boner, alias Sauage, usurped Bishoppe of London. Compiled by Lemeke Auale.' Printed by P. O. 1569.

<sup>9</sup> 'The seuen sorowes that women haue when theyr husbandes be deade. Compyled by Robert Copland.' Printed by William Copland, dated in B.M. Catalogue [1560?], but shown by this reference to be more probably [1568-9].

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In these proceedings Scott is described as a bookbinder, and amongst his purchases from Veale there is frequent mention of pasteboards, clasps for books, and on one occasion twenty-four copper plates.

II. The next case of interest is that brought by Francis Coldock, another bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, against a bookseller in Taunton named John Herne. It was heard in Easter term, 1576, and, like the preceding suit, was for books supplied to Herne in the way of trade, with the additional merit that it gives the price of each book.

Taking the various classes of books in the same order as in the case of Scott, under the head of service books, Herne bought Genevan testaments for three shillings each, Communion books ranged in price from seven shillings down to two shillings, Catechisms averaged eleven pence a piece, but in one instance he bought five dozen copies for three shillings, and in another, four copies of Nowell's Catechism for two shillings, or sixpence each.

The wholesale prices of various devotional works are worth recording for the purposes of comparison. A copy of Becon's 'Governance of Virtue' is given as one and sixpence, 'The Pomander of Prayer,' one shilling, 'The Flower of Godly Prayers,' one shilling and fourpence, and 'Right Godly Rules,' another popular manual, also one and fourpence. On the other hand a copy of 'Augustine De civitate dei' cost the bookseller twelve shillings.

With the exception of Tully's offices, with the commentary of Wolfe, for which Hearne paid eight shillings, all the educational works supplied to him

were cheap, four copies of Ovid's *Epistles* being priced at eightpence each, a copy of Aristotle's 'Organum' at one shilling and eightpence, and the 'Physics and Logic' at two shillings. Record's 'Arithmetic' is priced at tenpence, and a copy of Bede's 'History' at one shilling and twopence. Dictionaries and Commentaries were much more expensive, a copy of Cooper's 'Dictionary' being priced at twenty-three shillings.

A feature of Hearne's list, not found in that of Scott, is in the matter of small law books, of which he stocked a considerable number. The wholesale price of these was generally a shilling. Neither ballads nor almanacs are asked for, but this may be accounted for by assuming that he had already supplied himself with all he wanted, but there are three entries relating to what were evidently chapbooks. The first is briefly entered as 'Jhon Mandulet,' which may be hazarded to stand for John Maundeville, three copies being supplied to him at sixpence each. The next work is called 'Patient,' perhaps Patient Grizell is meant, its price being threepence, and the third is entered as 'Tom Tylers,' four copies of which he bought for sixpence.

In the class of miscellaneous literature, two copies of Gascoigne's 'Posies' cost Hearne five shillings and fourpence, four copies of the 'Theatre for Wordlings,' two shillings. A work not identified is Le Strange's 'Novellos,' evidently something very small, as eight copies only cost one shilling and two pence, or one penny and three farthings each. 'Arnoldum and Lucenda' is evidently

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Desainlien's 'Pretty . . . Historie of Arnalt and Lucenda, translated from the Italian, with certen Rules and Dialogues set foorth for the learner of th' Italian Song . . . by C. Hollyband,' and first printed by Thomas Purfoote in 1575. The wholesale price of this book was sixpence. One copy of 'David Lindsay' is a tantalizing entry. Could it have been the recently issued 'Dialogue between Experience and a Courtier,' which had also been printed by Thomas Purfoote. Coldcocke's price for it was one shilling and fourpence. Two entries, 'The Pathways' and 'The Conways,' each priced at ninepence, are insoluble puzzles, and another puzzle is 'unum Surrey,' priced at one shilling.

III. In Easter term, 1585, Thomas Marshe, the printer and bookseller of London, sued Richard Brett, bookseller of York, for the recovery of twelve pounds for books supplied. The list is only a short one, and only the totals of the various parcels of books are given. It consists mainly of educational works, but it is interesting to note that Brett's requirements in York were much larger than Scott's in Norwich. One work especially seems to have been in great demand in York, the 'Epitome of Erasmus's Colloquies,' of which Brett ordered one hundred copies within the six months covered by the account. Of the 'Fables of Æsop' he ordered fifty copies, and also we read of fifty Catos and twenty-five Terences. The only other titles worth noticing in this account are three copies of the 'Pageant of Popes,' six copies of 'Jhon Maundevell,' and twelve copies of the 'Destruction of Troy.'

IV. In the same year Marshe also sued one of his private customers, Edward Wingfield, Esquire of Kimbolton Castle in Huntingdonshire, for books supplied, and in this case again we get the individual prices of books, and of course the retail price. The Wingfield family was one of some importance, several of its members figuring in the history of that time. Edward Wingfield was the son of Thomas Wingfield of Kimbolton Castle, and he appears to have been a man of wide reading judging from the titles set out in this account.

Marshe, on the other hand, was somewhat loose in his description of the books. No doubt he and others thoroughly understood what was meant by 'Mr. Fenner's booke,' but at this distance of time it is impossible to say which of Dudley Fenner's books is meant, while such a title as 'Too good to be trewe,' seems to baffle identification.

With the exception of Musculus' 'Common-places,' devotional books find no place in Wingfield's order. The classics are represented by Virgill in Latine, 1s. 1d.; Virgill's four booke in English, 6d.; Virgill's 13 booke in English, 2s. 2d.; Ovid's Metamorphoses in English, 2s. 2d.; Tully's Offices in English and Latine, 1s.; and Homer in English, 1s.

'Morelius' dictionarie' was doubtless Bynne-man's folio edition of the 'Verborum Latinorum cum Graecis Anglicisque conjunctorum . . .' published in 1583, which Marshe priced at 18s. 6d. 'Hulloet's dictionarie' was probably Marshe's own edition of Richard Huloet's 'Abcedarium Anglico-Latinum,' published in 1572, for which he charged 8s., while Barrett's was the quadruple dictionary

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of English, Latin, Greek, and French, also priced at 8s.

A feature in Wingfield's order is the number of medical works. These included 'The Method of Physike,' 5s.; Andrew Borde's 'Breviare of Helthe,' 1s. 6d.; Sir T. Challoner's 'Virtue of Niter,' 6d.; 'Approved Medicines,' which from its price, 6d., was probably an abridgment of some larger work; the 'Hospitall for the diseased,' 6d.; Andrew Borde's 'Regiment of Helthe,' 1s.; and Bullein's 'Bulwarke of defence against all Sicknes, Sornes and Woundes,' probably Marshe's edition of 1579, the retail price of which, according to this account, was five shillings and eightpence.

As already noted, much of the general literature ordered by Edward Wingfield is difficult to identify under the titles, but these may as well be recorded as they stand, for others to attempt their identification. They include 'The Mirror of Knighthode,' two parts, 4s. 8d.; 'Too good to be trewe,' 2s.; 'Conquest of the East and West,' 2s. 4d.; 'History of the sarasyns,' 1s. 8d.; Byshop's 'Blossomes,' identified as 'Beautiful Blossomes gathered by J. Byshop,' 1577, 1s. 8d.; 'Warres of the Romanes,' 3s. 8d.: 'Ordring of the comen wealthe,' 2s.; Stow's 'Chronicle' in quarto, 6s. 8d.; 'Palmering' [sic], 2 parts, 2s. 4d.; 'Diall of Princes,' 4s. 8d.

Then we have a number of titles which, from their prices, were clearly for chap-books, such for instance as 'Diogenes,' 6d.; 'The nyne worthies,' 6d.; 'Comfortable Letters,' 3d.; 'Tritrameron of Love,' 4d.; 'The headles beare,' 1d. (Query a ballad); 'Myrrour for citizens,' 8d.; and finally,

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what was perhaps a newsbook, 'Newes from the Turk,' 6d.

Marshe's bill amounted to £8, which Wingfield refused to pay on the ground that the books he had received from Marshe were damaged to the value of £10. The transit of books in those days was, no doubt, a difficult business. If they went by sea, there was always the liability of damage by seawater; if by land, by rain-water, and many other causes. We know that they were packed as a rule in bales or barrels; but they came to grief very often, and the stereotyped answer in all these cases was damage. It is, however, satisfactory to find that the plaintiff in each suit won his case.

HENRY R. PLOMER.

## SONS OF CONSOLATION.

**T**HERE is no need to tell readers of 'THE LIBRARY' of the great part played by the Benedictine Order, in the encouragement of literature. The object of this paper is to draw attention to an interesting little book entitled 'Torquato Tasso e i Benedettini Cassinesi,' published in Rome in 1886, in which the author, Dom Luigi Tosti, himself a monk of Monte Cassino, tells how the poet Tasso, in all the sorrows of his life, received comfort and help from Benedictines. These cultured men understood that the troubled soul of a great poet needed their ministrations as much as the bodies of the poor and sick. If the world dealt hardly with Tasso, and if princes persecuted him without a cause, yet from one class of men he met with unfailing kindness and sympathy. From his cradle to his grave he found consolation in the charity of monks, especially from the Brethren of the Order of St. Benedict.

In 1545, a year after the birth of Torquato, his father left Sorrento and went to settle in Salerno, in the service of Ferrante Sanseverino, its Prince. The birthplace of the poet was at Sorrento; beautiful even now, in spite of the hideous hotels and advertisements and funicular railways, which cannot altogether spoil the blue

sea, and the orange groves, and the view of Naples and Vesuvius. But if his birthplace was beautiful, still more lovely is the Gulf of Salerno, where his childhood's days were spent. Those who have once dwelt on its shores long to revisit them; to walk once more in the lemon groves above beautiful Amalfi, stretching out white and glittering into the opal-tinted sea; to climb the green hills of La Cava; and to marvel at the strange, half-Moorish architecture of the once powerful fortress-town of Ravello.

To all these scenes attaches the pathetic interest of fallen greatness. It is difficult to believe that there were once Princes of Salerno and Doges of Amalfi, and that through the gates of ruined Ravello splendid cavaliers in armour used to ride forth with their trains of followers.

All these scenes were well known to the child Torquato, but we learn from his own words that the spot in that favoured region that most deeply impressed his childish imagination was the Benedictine Monastery of SS. Trinità at Corpo di Cava. This celebrated Abbey, high up among the mountain-tops above the village of Corpo di Cava, was founded in 1011 by Alferio Pappacorbone, cousin of Guaimario III, Prince of Salerno. Every turn of the winding mountain road from Salerno to the Monastery displays fresh beauty. At Vietri you regretfully leave behind you the blue waters of the gulf and its distant coast lines to turn inland; but new beauties await you as, after passing the little arcaded town of La Cava, you climb ever higher and higher among the mountains, getting glimpses

of the sea and of the distant peaks of Monte Vergine, always covered with snow.

One of the finest points of view is in front of the Chapel of the Pietra Santa, built to commemorate the visit of Pope Urban II, the preacher of the first Crusade, in 1092, to consecrate the Church of the SS. Trinità. Inside the chapel a bare mass of rugged rock rises up before the altar. This plain specimen of unadorned nature has a strange effect among the artificial flowers and images of the chapel. It is like the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite among the splendours of the gorgeous temple of Solomon.

On this rock Pope Urban dismounted and told the bishops and cardinals who followed him that they were on holy ground, and that only on foot must they approach the Grotto where had dwelt the saintly Alferio and his holy followers.

The Church of the Monastery is built above the Grotto, which is still to be seen in the crypt where Alferio is buried, and where rest the remains of many princes and great men, for it was esteemed a privilege to be buried there in holy earth brought from Jerusalem. The Monastery, like that of Monte Cassino, is now a place of education, and boasts of a splendid library, with a beautiful collection of old missals, and a Bible of the seventh century presented by Sant Alferio in 1035. In that library the antiquary can gloat over old parchments and examine at his leisure Papal Bulls, deeds conveying 'Morning Gifts' from princes to their brides, and charters going back to the eighth century.

To this spot, so rich in historical interest and so

full of beauty, the child Tasso was often brought by his father. He tells us of the kindness he received there; how the abbots used to caress him and the monks to tell him the stories of the house, which could boast of several saints and two popes. Following some monk as a guide with a torch into the crypt, the child would see figures of saints with golden halos looming strangely out of the semi-darkness from the frescoed walls, and great piles of bones and skulls said to be remains of Norman and Lombard princes.

He used to wander among the beautiful regions around the Abbey, among the high hills, and by the cascade made by the little river Selano casting itself eagerly over the rocks to rush on its course to the Gulf of Salerno. Here, in spring, the maiden-hair fern grows thickly and the green slopes are starred with pale primroses, violets of every shade, and lovely, fragile, pale blue anemones.

Such were the scenes in which the child poet listened to kind monks telling him the stories of the past. He tells us that what he loved best to hear was about the Crusades and of the part played in them by that great Pope, Urban II, who had himself been a monk of La Cava.

Undoubtedly, we find the origin of Tasso's great poem of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata' in the impression made on his youthful mind by the picturesque stories of the Crusades told to him by the monks of La Cava.

It is very touching to find him, long afterwards in the sad time of his imprisonment, writing to his friend, Angelo Grillo, of the happy days

of his childhood in the beautiful monastery of La Cava. He tells the same Angelo Grillo that in his poem of the 'Gerusalemme Conquistata' he has made special mention of Pope Urban and of La Cava, and in that poem (canto III, stanza iv) we find lines describing the tapestries with which the tent of Godfrey was decorated, and among the scenes, wrought in them in gold and colours, was the valley of La Cava and its holy recesses, and walking among them, Urban in his monk's dress.

This is not a biography of Tasso, but an attempt to trace out the part played in his life by his monastic friends; still, before speaking of his imprisonment it is necessary to allude briefly to the causes which led to it.

Whether the poet was mad, why he was imprisoned, and if he really loved Eleonora d'Este are questions which seem destined never to be satisfactorily answered. It is certain that, when still very young, Tasso entered into the service of Alfonso II, Duke of Ferrara, at whose court dwelt the duke's two sisters, Lucrezia and Eleonora. We hear often in the present day the complaints of authors as to what they have to endure from public and publishers; but the men of letters of the past must have suffered much worse things at the hands of their noble and princely patrons. We know Dante's opinion of the bitterness of the bread of others; Tasso, no doubt, fully shared it.

The poet who lived at a great man's court had to sell his talents to his master, and to amuse the leisure of great ladies when time hung heavily on their hands.

Tasso enjoyed familiar intercourse with Lucrezia and Eleonora. He read his poems to them when they were alone, and was much in their society. What wonder if he fell in love with the beautiful Eleonora, who was delicate in health, of a reserved disposition, and somewhat of a recluse, with a certain mystery about her, likely to attract the imagination of a poet? We all know the story of a princess of France seeing a poet asleep in the sunshine, and stooping to kiss him, to the amazement of her ladies. She explained to them that the kiss was not for him, but for the sweet words his lips had spoken. How is the poet to know if great ladies caress him with flattering words, that their praises are not for him as a man, but for the power of his genius which can spread the fame of their beauty? If holy hermits found temptation in the wilderness, what must not poets, with hearts aflame with the love of the beautiful, and exalted imaginations, have found in intercourse with lovely and gifted princesses? Chastelard, dying on the scaffold for daring to love a beautiful queen, may be regarded as the chief martyr of court poets. It certainly seems probable that it was for raising his eyes to a royal lady that Tasso suffered his terrible imprisonment among the crazy inmates of the hospital of Sant' Anna, in Ferrara.

In March, 1579, Tasso was confined there, under strict guardianship, as a madman. He complains, in a letter, that he is deprived of all solace alike of mind and body; that the chaplain never visits him, and that he cannot confess or communicate.

Whether Tasso was a victim to the caprice of

the Duke of Ferrara, or to the rigours of the Inquisition, it is equally to the credit of the brothers of Saint Benedict that they continually visited him when he was sick and in prison. No sooner did the lamentations of the unhappy prisoner reach the ears of the Brethren than from La Cava, San Severino, Monte Cassino, and Ferrara itself hands of compassion were stretched out to him, and pitiful hearts were touched by his tale of woe. The most faithful of his monastic friends was Dom Angelo Grillo, a man of noble birth and considerable intellectual attainments. He turned his back on wordly honours and became a monk, and afterwards refused promotion in the Church, thinking even clerical honours inconsistent with his monastic vows. He was a student of philosophy, a friend of poets, and a poet himself. His compassionate heart could even feel for a dead poet, for he tells us that being once near Arqua he was led to think of Petrarch, and that, after visiting his house, he and all his monks prayed for him, and he says: 'I have ordained a solemn anniversary for that great, and as I consider him, blessed and holy soul, that God may have him in a place of light and glory.'

In what appears to be his first letter to the poet, as printed by Dom Luigi Tosti, Grillo offers himself to his notice with the utmost modesty, and invites him to rely upon him for help.

Being unable himself at that time to go to Sant' Anna, he arranges for a certain Dom Basilio Zaniboni, of the Monastery of Ferrara, to visit the prisoner.

In the letters of Grillo, Basilio is called the

'Cellerario.' The officer, so called in the rules of Saint Benedict, has to minister to all the temporal wants of the Brethren. He is exhorted to fear God and to be as a father to all the Community. 'Do not sadden the brothers,' says Saint Benedict. 'Let him'—i.e., the Cellerario—'care, with all tenderness, for the sick, for children, for guests, and for the poor, holding it for certain that for all these he will have to give account at the Day of Judgement.'

It was no light task that Basilio took upon himself when he became the consoler of the poet. Tasso had lost hope in man; he had become moody and irritable, and his powerful mind, for a time, was reduced to almost childish weakness. Luigi Tosti says: 'Tasso in the cares of D. Basilio took the place of the sick, of the child, of the guest, of the poor; and the *cellerario* could render at the day of judgment good account of his dealings towards Torquato.'

The letter of Angelo Grillo at once roused Tasso to mental exertion. He told Basilio that he could not at once answer it because he wished to reply to the sonnets in it with other sonnets.

Tasso says: 'I have not, for many years, had a letter that I have read with greater pleasure than the one written to me by Dom Angelo.'

While Grillo sent him sonnets, the kind and simple Basilio sent, with his letters, presents of candies and preserved peaches. Tasso thanks him for these, but gives him to understand that he is eager rather for heavenly than for earthly food. He probably liked the peaches all the same.

Tasso replied to the two sonnets of Grillo with two others, and alluded, in his letter to Grillo, to the kindness he had received in childhood from the monks of La Cava, and hoped that the charity of the past would not fail him in his present misfortunes.

Grillo obtained leave from the duke to stay with Tasso in his prison, an act of sublime charity, for those who visited him speak of his wretched condition, of the squalor of his dress, his neglected beard, his gloom and depression caused by solitude, which he calls his cruel and natural enemy.

Tosti says: 'If one tear only fell upon the serge of the monk, that tear was the most splendid decoration that could adorn the breast of a Benedictine.' Grillo thought Tasso's continual complaints undignified, and tried to wean him from them. He writes: 'You are miserable, Signor Tasso, because you are human, not because you are unworthy! If a manifest unhappiness did not distinguish you from other men, from the works of your divine intellect you might be looked upon as something divine, which God does not will in this world because you can in very deed become divine in the other.'

Grillo induced the Duchess of Mantua to write to the Duke Alfonso and to her daughter, Margherita, his wife, on behalf of Tasso. She obtained for him a great betterment of his condition. He was to be allowed sometimes to go out to visit churches and convents, to enter into the society of noble dames and cavaliers, and to feast his eyes on the spectacle of jousts and tournaments, which were

splendid at Ferrara during the carnival of the year 1584.

Short respite! The sight of tournaments and beautiful ladies and the repose of quiet monastic cloisters were soon taken from the unfortunate Tasso. He was lured back to his prison by the duke on the pretence that a friend was waiting there to see him, and when he turned to leave it again guards with swords opposed his exit. Poor Grillo had once more to listen to his furious complaints. In the meantime several editions came out of the '*Gerusalemme*'.

The name of Tasso was held up to honour till a discussion arose as to the respective merits of Tasso and Ariosto. Party spirit ran high, and the partizans of Ariosto indulged in the cruellest mockery of Tasso and his works. The poor poet, wearied with imprisonment, was conquered body and soul by the insults of his literary enemies. The one thing which had sustained his courage was the hope of living for ever in his works. He owned, in a letter to Grillo, that he had always feared death more than a true philosopher ought to, but that now, when that which had seemed to him to be his immortal part was attacked, he longed for any escape from his misery. Tosti considers that the sympathy of Grillo saved him from suicide, and that Tasso owed it to him that, 'instead of dying at Sant' Anna with a phial of poison in his hand, he fell asleep at Sant' Onofrio in the arms of Him who is the Living Bread for the salvation of the world.'

Grillo's efforts in the release of Tasso were unremitting, in spite of all he had to endure from

the impatience and importunity of the sufferer he was trying to help.

Tasso sent verses to the duke's sister, the Duchess of Urbino, and he once wrote wishing to kiss the hands of Eleonora when she was weak and near to death ; but we do not know if the message ever reached her.

The monk and the Duchess obtained for him the favour of release from prison for one day ! He spent it in the house of Donna Marfisa d'Este, a brave and beautiful lady, who appears to have surrounded herself with a bevy of lovely and charming women for the occasion. The faithful Grillo provided a carriage for the prisoner to go out in.

What a ghastly contrast ! To go from the glimpse of Paradise with the lovely ladies to whom doubtless could be addressed the words of Dante, '*Donne ch' avete intelletto d' amore,*' back to the Inferno of the solitary cell, and the shrieks of the maniacs at gloomy Sant' Anna.

Grillo had now, for a time, to leave Ferrara. He writes to his brother that to imprison himself with Tasso was more sweet to him than any liberty or any recreation. Besides Zaniboni, others of the Brethren watched over the poet. One of them—Costanzo Sonzino—endeavoured to moderate his melancholy and fantastic humours. The loving and anxious Grillo seems to have feared lest the precious balms of the well-meaning monk might break the poet's head, for he writes to him that 'delicate things need delicate handling, and these subtle minds are like glasses, that if in washing are much pressed easily come to be broken.' Grillo not only tried to bring about the liberation of

Tasso ; he also laboured to bring out an illustrated edition of the 'Gerusalemme,' and sent an artist named Castelli to see Tasso, and, ever careful for his friend's reputation for sanity, begged him to give a friendly reception to the visitor.

One friend, going to see Tasso, had been unable to draw a syllable from his lips ; but to the artist he was agreeable, and Castelli gave him a picture of Christ, on which Tasso wrote a sonnet. Grillo received a most beautiful picture of Erminia. Luigi Tosti says : 'Strange giver, Castelli !—To Tasso, the Christ, and to P. Grillo a most beautiful Erminia. But the monk, who had "la religiosità senza fuoco," was not scandalized ; he received the gift, and celebrated it, he also, with a sonnet.'

From Tasso's own words we gather that his mind often hovered in that debatable region between exalted imagination and insanity, where the minds of solitaries seem often to dwell. He heard strange voices ; inanimate things seemed to speak to him ; and everything appeared to assume to him a terrible and threatening aspect. It is wonderful that, being alone or with mad men for seven years, he retained any mental health at all. Angelo consoled and helped him in his difficulties with the Inquisition, and listened to his many demands, including a request for a doctor from Monte Cassino, and that a goat might be sent to him that he might have whey. Moreover, the Order of Saint Benedict conferred on him a signal mark of favour.

It was a very ancient custom for the Benedictines to receive into their spiritual confraternity eminent laymen and ecclesiastics who had merited

such a favour by special services and devotion to the Order. The recipient of such an honour was informed of it by a letter termed ‘*Lettera Graziosa*.’ Saint Benedict himself is supposed to have been the first to write such letters, and Boniface, the apostle of Germany, and Alexis, Emperor of Constantinople, were among the illustrious recipients of them.

It was resolved to bestow this great mark of distinction upon Tasso, and Angelo Grillo sent Dom Basilio to tell him that his name was to be inscribed in the lists of the confraternity of Saint Benedict. Kind Basilio, ever mindful of the wants of the body, took with him some sweets for the prisoner to eat. Tasso wrote a touching letter to Grillo thanking him for the promised honour, and saying, ‘I hope to be a son, not of anger and male-diction, but of light and resurrection, for certainly I am already dead in sin, dead in the opinion of men, dead in the favour of many princes and lords who were and are loved and remembered by me.’

Tosti calls the ‘*Lettera Graziosa*’ the plank to which Tasso clings in his shipwreck.

The longed-for letter came at last, carried to Tasso by a servant, a circumstance which excited the wrath of the irritable poet, who wrote an indignant letter to Grillo, saying that he took it as a sign that the Brothers had abandoned his soul. He could not see that the Benedictines feared to draw down the wrath of Alfonso on their brethren of Ferrara, if they too openly honoured a man declared by the powerful noble to be mad.

There were great festivities at the Courts of Ferrara and Mantua over the marriage of Cesare

d'Este and Virginia de' Medici. Grillo felt the gathering of princes to be an opportunity of helping the cause of Tasso. He did not hesitate to dwell amongst them, saying that he had learnt to be a monk in the midst of a court. Principally through the good offices of Vincenzo Gonzogo, son of William, Prince of Mantua, he first obtained leave for the prisoner sometimes to go out of his prison, and finally consent to his complete liberation was wrung from the unwilling Alfonso.

In July, 1586, the singer of the '*Gerusalemme Liberata*' came out, a free man after seven years of captivity. He was taken to the Court of Mantua, where he was honoured and caressed; but he did not forget his Benedictine friends, and his first thought was to go to a monastery for confession and to return thanks to the Madonna, who had appeared to him in a vision with Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica.

Angelo Grillo still worked on his friend's behalf, trying to make him take a post to teach Aristotle at the Academy of Genoa, when Tasso fancied that the Princes of Mantua were tired of him. Grillo even laboured to get from Naples money that ought to come to Tasso from his mother's dowry. Well might Tasso say, 'Dom Angelo loses no occasion of showing to me the esteem in which he holds an unfortunate gentleman.'

In the nine years between the time of his release and the hour of his death Tasso often found rest and refreshment in some Benedictine cloister, and it is interesting to know that his last Christmas was spent in the very home of the Order, in the

celebrated monastery of Monte Cassino itself, where Saint Benedict dwelt and displaced the worship of Apollo. Apollo and the muses seem to have lingered in their ancient haunt, and to have infused something of their spirit into the intellectual and liberal-minded monks who were such faithful friends to the inspired poet. Surely Grass of Parnassus flourished on the slopes of Monte Cassino !

At the Holy Mount Tasso found a varied collection of Brothers, some already known to him. Amongst the company were two Englishmen, called by Tosti 'dottissimi,' and a Knight of Malta who had fought at the battle of Lepanto. Tasso and the monks spent the eve of Christmas high up on the mountain, watching the joy-fires being kindled in the valleys below.

The end of Tasso's story is too familiar to need telling in detail. We all know how he was summoned to Rome to walk in a triumphal procession to be crowned with laurels at the Capitol; and how death found him at the beautiful peaceful monastery of Sant' Onofrio, before the day dawned which was to mark his country's recognition of his genius.

At the time of the Tasso Tercentenary in 1895, the writer of this paper was in Italy with a party of friends, and spent a delightful Sunday visiting the monastery of La Cava, where a very intelligent young monk showed us all the most precious treasures of the library, and begged us to read the book about Tasso by Dom Luigi Tosti. We tried in vain to get it in Rome; but all things are

possible to a London bookseller, and so we obtained it on our return to England.

On another Sunday we visited Sant' Onofrio, where, three hundred years before (on 25th April, 1595), the weary soul of the poet had found rest. We walked in the frescoed cloister, once paced by the feeble steps of the dying man, and entered the little cell-like, white-washed rooms, where his last hours had been spent. Interesting relics of the poet had been gathered there; portraits of him, with the over-hanging brow and the great sad eyes that haunt us after we have gazed on them; always with the laurel leaves that he never wore in life, leaves which Dante says in his invocation to Apollo are so seldom gathered for triumph of Cæsar or of Poet.

The peaceful, white room, with the floor strewn with evergreens, the numerous wreaths, the chair, the pen, the crucifix that the dying man had used, all as he had left them, made it seem as if Death had been there quite recently, and not as if three hundred years had passed away since the poet had been laid in his grave.

In the dark church, rich in the glowing colours of the decorations of Pinturicchio, fresh laurel wreaths were piled on the stone that bears the name of Torquato Tasso.

After all, the enemies the poet feared had not triumphed. He had won his place, not indeed on the summit with Dante, but still high on the fair hill of Italian poetry, full in the sunshine of remembrance.

Claudia E. Gale.

## THE PETITION OF ELEANOR PLAYFORD.

**J**OHN PLAYFORD, the younger, nephew of the composer and music publisher, for whom he had acted as printer, died between 20th April, 1685, when he signed his will and the 29th, when it was proved.

A year later the following advertisement appeared in 'The London Gazette' of May 3-6, 1686:

An Ancient Printing House, in Little Britain, late in possession of Mr. John Playford Printer deceased, well known, and ready fitted and accommodated with good Presses, and all Manner of Letter for choice Work of Musick, Mathematicks, Navigation, and all Greek or Latin Books, with a fair and convenient Dwelling-house, and convenient Rooms for Warehouses; All which are to be sold as they are Ready Standing, or Lett by Lease or Yearly Rent. Enquire of Mrs. Ellen Playford at the said House over against the Globe in Little Britain.

By the kindness of Mr. Wyndham Hulme, Librarian of the Patent Office, we are now able to print an interesting Petition of this Mrs. Ellen or Eleanor Playford, the printer's sister (not his wife, as the writer of an excellent article on the Playfords in Grove's 'Dictionary of Music' inadvertently calls her), together with an account of the handling

of it by the Privy Council, and the rather amusing comments on it by the Royal Printers to whom it was referred. The papers are taken from the Privy Council records (P.C. 1/1 Bundle 1).

## I.

To the Kings most Excellent Ma<sup>ry</sup> The humble  
Petition of Elenor Playford

Humbly Sheweth

That yo<sup>r</sup> Pet<sup>r</sup> Father suffered sequestration and was ruined for his Loyalty to yo<sup>r</sup> Ma<sup>ry</sup> Royall Father, and yo<sup>r</sup> Pet<sup>r</sup> Brother John Playford in his Life a Printer in little Brittaine in London, in a house that has been a Printing house aboue Forty years, whose Cheife buissenes was to Print Musick, the Mathematticks, & Algebray, there being no other that could Print the same, only one man who does some small matters in Musick, The said John Playford dyed some time before the late restraint on the Printers, left his Printing house to yo<sup>r</sup> Pet<sup>r</sup> who did Exercise the said Art before the restraint, designing to sell the concerne as soone as Possible, and has sold great Part as she would do the rest, but there being no Persons that do that worke, and yo<sup>r</sup> Pet<sup>r</sup> having nothing else to subsist by she has begun and almost Finished an Opera<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Barclay Squire has kindly identified this with 'Albion and Albanus; an Opera, or, Representation in Musick,' by Louis Grabie, of which the full score was published in folio in London 1687, with the imprint, 'Printed for the Author.'

## THE PETITION OF

for Monsier Grabiea, which he must have sent to France to have it Printed had yo<sup>r</sup> Pet<sup>r</sup> not done it for him, as he will owne.

Yo<sup>r</sup> Pet<sup>r</sup> therefore most humbly Prayes That yo<sup>r</sup> Ma<sup>v</sup> will Graciously comiserate her Condition, and Grant her yo<sup>r</sup> Ma<sup>v</sup> Order in Councill That she may Continue and Keep vp her Printing house for Printing Musick Mathematticks and Algebray, and that she may have the Hono<sup>r</sup> to be yo<sup>r</sup> Ma<sup>v</sup> Servant for Printing the said Musick, Mathematticks and Algebray, There being no other that can doe the same at p<sup>s</sup>ent,

And as in Duty Bound yo<sup>r</sup> Pet<sup>r</sup> shall ever Pray etc.

A true Copy

Phil: Musgrave

## II.

At the Court at Whitehall  
the 4<sup>th</sup> of March 1686/7

Present

The Kings most Excellent Ma<sup>v</sup>  
in Councill

Upon reading the Petition of Elianor Playford setting forth that her father suffered Sequestration and was ruyned for his Loyalty to his Ma<sup>v</sup> Royall Father; That her Brother John Playford in his life time made it his cheif business to Print Musick,

the Mathematicks and Algebra, and left his printing House to the Pet<sup>r</sup> who did exercise the said Art before the late Restraint on Printing, as in the Petition is more at large Exprest, and humbly praying to be permitted to continue and keep up her printing House for printing of Musick, Mathematicks and Algebra, there being no other that can do the same at present. It is this day ordered by His Ma<sup>v</sup> in Councill, that his Ma<sup>v</sup> Printers, to whom a Copy of the Petition is to be sent, do shew Cause, if any they can, why the Pet<sup>r</sup> should not be gratified in her Request, and then his Ma<sup>v</sup> will declare His further Pleasure.

Phil: Musgrave.

[Endorsed.]

Mrs. Playford.

### III.

May it please your Majesty,

We your Majestys Printers do in Obedience to your Order made in Council the 4<sup>th</sup> of this instant March, upon the Petition of Elianor Playford humbly Answer, as followeth.

First, We most humbly say, That We are altogether unacquainted with the Petitioners Father and his Sufferings having never heard of him or his sufferings until we read the Petition. But John Playford her Brother we very well knew, who kept a Printing House in Little Britain, where he

## THE PETITION OF

Printed all manner of Work, and did not as the Petiōn setteth forth make it his only Business to Print Musick, Mathematicks and Algebra, that being the least part of the Art or Trade of a Printer, there not being Work enough of that kind to maintain one Master Printer.

That they humbly conceive your Petiōner is Disabled to keep a Printing House by the late Act for Regulating of Printing, and also by the Act made in the 5<sup>th</sup> year of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, and that she not being so qualified, and for no other Reason (as they humbly conceive) she is become your Majesties Petiōner for your Royal Licence, it having been (ever since the Act for Printing was made) the only way used to gett the Favour to be made His Majestys Printer, be it of Welsh, Mathematicks, or any thing whatsoever, if they were but called his Majesty's Printers it proved enough to avoid the Act, because His Majesty's Printers are excepted out of the Act.

That We your Majestys obedient Servants, your Printers will be ready on all occasions to Serve your Majesty in the Printing of Musick, Mathematicks, and Algebra, as well as the Petiōner, or any other Printer whatsoever, upon the least Signification of your Majesties pleasure therein.

That your Majestys Servant Henry Hills hath bought several of the Petiōners Printing Materials, since her Brothers death, and she may dispose of the rest as soon as she please upon such Rates as it shall by indifferent persons be appraised at, as those he Bought were.

They further most humbly Acquaint your most

Sacred Majesty, That there is already more Master Printers sett up in and about the City of London, that have served seven years to the Art of Printing then there is Lawfull Work to be had, to maintain them and their Families.

Hen. Hill  
Tho: Newcomb

March 16. 1686/7

[Endorsed.]

Answer of his Ma<sup>ys</sup> Printers to  
the Petition of Elenor Playford  
desiring leave to Print Musick &c.

Received 16 March 1686/7

Read in Councill March 18<sup>th</sup> 1686

The petition dismist.

#### IV.

At the Court at Whitehall  
the 18<sup>th</sup> of March 1686/7

Present

The Kings most Excellent Ma<sup>ys</sup> in Councill.

Upon reading the Answer of His Ma<sup>ys</sup> Printers to  
the Petition of Elianor Playford praying to be  
permitted to keep up her Printing House for  
the Printing of Musick, the Mathematicks and

Algebra; And on Consideration had thereof, His Ma<sup>y</sup> in Councill hath thought fit to order, and it is hereby Ordered that the Petition of the said Elianor Playford be dismissed this Boord, And the said Petition is hereby dismissed accordingly.

Phil: Musgrave

[*Endorsed*]

Printers

It will not have escaped the judicious reader's notice that, although Mrs. Eleanor Playford's petition was dismissed, it had incidentally brought about the sale of the rest of her stock to one of the printers who reported against it.

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## REVIEW.

*Hinduism: The World Ideal.* By Harendranath Maitra. Cecil Palmer & Hayward. London, New York, etc. 1916. pp. 104.



ONE who has worked for fifty years among the peasantry of India is tempted to ask if Mr. Maitra has ever lived in an Indian village, to conclude that he has spent his life reading the voluminous religious literature of the ancients with eyes closed to his immediate surroundings.

He ignores the fact that modern Hinduism is not based on the philosophy and abstruse doctrines of the Vedas, but on the later Brahmanas, in which 'the sacerdotal caste succeeded in transforming a primitive worship into a system of complicated rites and ceremonies,' and teach that 'the gods are the gods, and the Brahmins are the human gods.'

Every peasant will tell you that there is but one God—Parmeswar—but he pays his devotions to innumerable manifestations and incarnations represented by images in which he believes some occult power exists. He is surrounded by numerous 'deotas' and 'bhooths,' small gods and spirits, the latter mostly malignant, whose anger and caprices he must deprecate by ceremonies, offerings, gifts to Brahmins, and the repetition of 'mantras' (sacred texts). The hundred odd millions of Moslems,

Parsis, Jews, Christians, Jains, Sikhs and other seceders from Brahminism, together with some twenty odd millions of 'Animists' are passed over in a sentence.

India, Mr. Maitra says, 'Is the one land whose mission to other lands has ever been one only of Peace, Wisdom and Love.'

For over two thousand years the land has been in a constant state of war. Civil wars between the various Rajput states, conquests of aboriginal tribes, and invasions from north and west. The only periods of prolonged peace before the suppression of the Mutiny in 1857-8, were in the reigns of Asoka and Kanishka, who were Buddhists. The periods of Buddhist supremacy, a revolt against Brahminical supremacy, idol worship, and the Caste system, was the era of the universities; and Buddhist missionaries spread their doctrine into other lands, where it is still the faith of three hundred millions of people, though it was suppressed and driven out of India by long continued and cruel persecutions, generally inaugurated by the Brahmins.

The 'Ashrama' system of education is claimed to be the basis of the training of the three higher castes. The lower castes, the majority of the people, and women, have no need to read the scriptures. The education given to the youths consists of 'rhetoric, logic, grammar, literature,' etc. Of what possible use can this be to a population of which more than nine-tenths are cultivators and artisans? This continues to the age of 25, when 'the students marry and become householders.' Most

Hindu children are married between the ages of 3 and 12, by contracts entered into between the parents, which are binding through life. The marriages are consummated generally before the boys are 20 and the girls 14. We are not told how long the second home life, and the third stage, that of meditation, are supposed to last, but in the fourth, the men are expected to leave their wives and families and property, and wander as pilgrims, mendicants dependent on the labour of others. As a rule only an 'infinitesimal minority,' the 'chelas' or disciples of the Gurus, really enter the course. As it is thousands of 'Sunyasis,' and other pilgrims, some no doubt earnest seekers after their ideal, but hundreds also mere idlers and many evil livers, are a burden on the people. Jesus, says Maitra, was a 'Prince of Sunyasis.' He was pure and holy, but no ascetic. He lived, worked, ate and drank with his fellows, especially among the lower classes or castes despised of the Brahmin and Rajput.

In the Punjab, with its large Mahomedan and Sikh population, the Brahmin has very limited power and influence. In the Agra and Oude provinces, where for centuries Mahomedan courts resided, large communities of Brahmins are cultivators. The Bengal Army till 1857 was almost exclusively composed of Brahmins and Rajputs, and there are entire regiments of these two castes now fighting alongside British soldiers. In the Rajput states Brahmins are still the advisers of the Rajahs. The Maharatta Brahmins are noted for their intellectual capacity and love of intrigue, in which they equal, if they do not excel, their brothers of

Bengal, whom they far surpass in physical courage. But it is in the latest conquest of Hinduism, the Madras Presidency, especially in native states, that we see the Brahmin in his full strength. There Pariyas, the bulk of the working community, may not approach within thirty yards of a Brahmin, lest they defile him. High caste women and children would no more personally attend the sick and suffering low caste families, than they would eat or drink with them. The Indian peasant, in his village, is as a rule truthful, honest and moral according to his ideals. He may, however, commit any of the opposite offences without losing caste, but if he eats or drinks what a lower caste man has touched he is 'hookah pani band' (pipe and water closed) excommunicate.

Considering the age at which Hindus are married that the chief duty of a wife is to get a son, and if she does not, the husband can and generally does take a second wife; that the wife may not eat with her husband, and if she does 'walk out with him, must keep well in rear; that the Hindu believes either in transmigration, or in losing his individuality in the 'all'—where does the 'reunion of souls' come in? Some women voluntarily allowed themselves to be burnt alive, with the corpses of their husbands, especially where capture by a victorious enemy meant outrage and degradation. But many child wives, who had never seen their husbands' faces, and concubines were burnt alive. Can we believe that this was voluntary? In spite of all prohibitions, we still occasionally hear of voluntary Suttees, and the Bengali

press highly commends these suicides. But the real motives are unknown outside the Zenana. The young widow becomes a servant in the house of her mother-in-law, cannot wear ornaments—cannot remarry—and the dread of mother-in-law and tyranny of sisters-in-law is proverbial in India. Max Müller pointed to India as the land ‘most endowed with wealth, power and beauty,’ but took care never to go and see it. The wealth is mostly hidden in the temples, in Rajah’s treasure chests, and in bankers’ books. The beauty of the Himalayas perhaps excels all others in grandeur, but they are hardly Indian. The vast plains now green, now dust covered; the rivers at times covering vast breadths with water, at others, meandering in miles of sand; the plateaus of Central India, the beautiful Nilgherris, the rice fields of Bengal and Madras with their palms and fruit groves, all have their attractions, but there are a hundred more beautiful lands. The towns are mostly flat-topped masses of brick buildings, running along tortuous, narrow, and generally dirty streets. The villages are square huts of brick or mud or reeds. The priceless Taj Mahal, the palaces of Delhi, the mosques and graceful minarets, are Moslem. The Hindu temples are largely of the ‘cucumber and gourd’ type. The images within them and the sculptured figures covering the walls are certainly not types of human beauty, and are at times hideously lewd. Women in religious processions sing, or rather chant, in shrill voices, of Sri Krishna and Radha, of Rama and Sita; and the men at night drone in sleepy monotone chants from the Ramayana. But it is

the love scenes that most interest the former; and the wonderful doings of Hanuman, the latter. The lands of the Rajput Princes were first curtailed by the Moslems, later by the Maharattas, and are now of very limited area. In these small Rajput courts the ancient customs are still largely adhered to. The princes and people are fine chivalrous soldiers. But kings who 'think for the people, do everything for the people, live for the people,' whether Rajput, Maharatta or Moslem, are, and have been, as rare in India as in any other land.

There have been and are in India many noble, devoted, charitable, learned and courageous women. Some who have made history; but why insult them by including the Rani of Jhansi, who in 1857, before taking the field with her troops flying before Hugh Rose's avenging army, murdered in cold blood over fifty English men, women and children whom she had sworn to protect.

In short, in every page Mr. Maitra presents us with an impracticable ideal Hinduism that in no way corresponds with Brahminical Hinduism as it is.

G. B. SCOTT.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This signature, and not 'J. Y. W. MacA.', should have been appended to the review of Frazer's 'Indian Thought, Past and Present,' on p. 261.

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